



No. CLXXXVI.]

# Contents

[APRIL 1898

	PAGE
<b>The Duenna of a Genius.</b> Chaps. X.-XII. . . . .	471
By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL), Author of 'In a North Country Village,' 'A Daughter of the Soil,' &c.	
<b>Angelo's 'Reminiscences'</b> . . . . .	503
By AUSTIN DOBSON	
<b>The Angler's Birds</b> . . . . .	514
By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR	
<b>A Pair of Lynxes</b> . . . . .	519
By FRED WHISHAW	
<b>A Gentle Art of Georgian England.</b> . . . .	526
By Mrs. CLEMENT PARSONS	
<b>The Poet Bird</b> . . . . .	533
By Mrs. HUBBARD	
<b>Untrodden Ways</b> . . . . .	535
By H. C. TROLLOPE	
<b>At the Sign of the Ship.</b> . . . .	549
By ANDREW LANG	

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY



All Rights]

PRICE SIXPENCE

[Reserved

# The 'Lewis Carroll' Memorial.

## 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' COT,

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,  
GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON.

### General Committee.

Mrs. ARTHUR CARDEW.  
Mrs. REGINALD HARGREAVES.  
Mrs. KITCHIN.  
Mrs. LEONARD HUXLEY.  
Mrs. ARTHUR LEWIS.  
Mrs. LIDDKILL.  
Mrs. MAYHEW.  
Mrs. PAGET (Christ Church).  
Mrs. SKENE.  
Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.  
Miss ETHEL ARNOLD.

Miss SOUBSEY.  
Miss GERTRUDE THOMSON.  
Miss WELD.  
Miss LLOYD (Oxford).  
Mrs. SHUTE.  
Mrs. STUBBS.  
The BISHOP OF OXFORD.  
The DEAN OF DURHAM.  
Sir JOHN TENNIEL.  
Sir HENRY IRVING. [M.P.]  
Sir MANCHERJEE BHOWSAGGER,

LL. ATHERLEY-JONES, Esq., Q.C., M.P.  
FREDERICK MACMILLAN, Esq.  
GEORGE MACDONALD, Esq.  
J. ASHBY STERRY, Esq.  
HENRY HOLIDAY, Esq.  
HUGH CHISHOLM, Esq.  
HARRY FURNISS, Esq.  
E. TUDOR OWEN, Esq.  
S. R. CROCKETT, Esq.  
EDGAR BRUCE, Esq.

**Hon. Treasurer:**—J. T. BLACK, Esq. (Messrs. A. & C. Black), Soho Square.

**Hon. Auditor:**—J. G. GRIFFITHS, Esq. (Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths, & Co.), 4 Lothbury.

**Bankers:**—THE LONDON & COUNTY BANK, AND ITS BRANCHES.

**Joint Hon.** (Mrs. HERBERT FULLER, 31 Palace Court, W.

**Secretaries:** { Miss BEATRICE HATCH, Christ Church, Oxford.

A SUGGESTION emanating from friends of the late REVND. CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON, M.A. ('LEWIS CARROLL')—which has received the warm approval of the Duke of Fife, T.R.H. the Duchess of Fife and the Duchess of Albany, Sir Henry Irving, and many others, and the no less warm support of his relatives—that a Permanent Memorial be raised to his memory, a General Committee has therefore been organised as above.

In keeping alive the recollection of the gifted author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' it is recognised that his great love for children would be best commemorated by alleviating their sufferings, and the Committee therefore confidently invite Subscriptions from all those acquainted with 'LEWIS CARROLL' or with his books, for the purpose of permanently endowing a COT in THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, Great Ormond Street, London, to be called

## THE 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND' COT,

for which a sum of One Thousand Pounds (£1,000) only is required.

The *St. James's Gazette*, which is kindly giving publicity to the appeal, has received many letters expressing approval of the scheme, among them one from the Duke of Fife, in which he says: 'The Duchess and I warmly sympathise with the idea. We are both great admirers of LEWIS CARROLL.' H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany writes expressing her pleasure that the idea has been so well received, wishes it every success, and adds: 'Princess Alice will be a subscriber.' Sir Henry Irving, in consenting to join the Committee, writes: 'Any work associated with the name of LEWIS CARROLL must command widespread interest and sympathy, more especially anything which is connected with the care and happiness of children. There could be no more fitting Memorial of LEWIS CARROLL than the Cot in the Children's Hospital. I sincerely trust this scheme will receive a most encouraging measure of public support.'

Envelopes should be marked 'LEWIS CARROLL MEMORIAL.'

Subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by the EDITOR of the *St. James's Gazette*, Dorset Street, London, E.C.; J. T. BLACK, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, Soho Square; and the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. HERBERT FULLER, 31 Palace Court, London, W., and Miss BEATRICE HATCH, Christ Church, Oxford.

al.

Q.C., M.P.

sq.

WIDGE

roval of

Irving,

Memo-

above.

l,' it is

ng their

ll those

ntly en-

Orma ad

received

Fife, in

h great

pleasure

ss Alice

s: 'Any

rest and

iness of

ot in the

measure

James's

re; and

nd Miss

AL

EASY TEETHING

h  
t  
e  
e  
y  
l  
f  
e  
e

s  
d  
s



# Longman's Magazine Literary and General Advertiser.

ALL APPLICATIONS RESPECTING ADVERTISEMENTS AND BILLS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO  
Messrs. LONGMANS & Co., 29 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

## READ FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK.

Ask your Chemist for a FREE copy, or one will be sent POST FREE on application by letter or post card. Direct—ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

**Do not let your Child Die.**

Fennings' Children's Powders prevent Convulsions.  
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

### FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

For Children cutting their teeth. To prevent Convulsions.

Do not contain Antimony, Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

READ FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a FREE copy.

**Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.**

### FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL

**Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, &c.**

Sold in Boxes at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 9d. (35 stamps, post free), contain three times the quantity of value for soldiers.

READ FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

SAFE TEETHING.

EASY TEETHING.



Our Baby loquitor: 'If oo' eat RIDGE'S FOOD oo'll be as big as me!'

With Maps and Plans and Portrait of Major-Gen. Sir BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B.  
Commanding Malakand Field Force. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

## THE STORY OF THE MALAKAND FIELD FORCE.

By WINSTON L. SPENCER CHURCHILL,

Lieutenant the 4th Queen's Own Hussars.

**DAILY CHRONICLE.**—'In all the literature of war we know no book by so young an author which makes the home reader see just what takes place in frontier fighting. But this is not its sole or even, perhaps, its chief merit. In its maps and plans not less than in its tactical perception it is a handbook of value for soldiers.'

**WESTERN MORNING NEWS (Plymouth).**—'The son of Lord Randolph Churchill would be certain to secure a wide circle of readers on his first venture into the literary world. It is evident from the volume before us that he inherits no small share of the intellect and eloquence of his father, while it is equally clear that the descendant of the great Marlborough has strong soldierly instincts.'

**DAILY MAIL.**—'There is something peculiarly exhilarating in Mr. Churchill's vigorous record of the action against the impetuous tribesmen of the Mahmud Valley, and all who are interested in the question of the efficiency of our army in India will welcome his useful chapters of military observation on transport, camps, attacks, the employment of artillery in frontier warfare, his criticisms on the dum-dum bullet and on short service.'

**DAILY NEWS.**—'But few writers are gifted with Lieutenant Churchill's power of producing in a sentence or two a strong characteristic picture of such a country as that around the Malakand Pass, a country "as tangled as the maze at Hampton Court, with mountains instead of hedges." . . . In books of Anglo-Indian history there are few chapters as vigorously written and as exciting as Lieutenant Churchill's description of the tribal surprise of the Malakand garrison, and the British victory which crowned six days' desperate fighting.'

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

## Admiral Duncan.

By the EARL OF CAMPERDOWN. With 3 Portraits. 8vo. 16s.

## Drake and the Tudor Navy.

With a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. By JULIAN S. CORBETT. With Portraits, Illustrations, and Maps. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

## A Memoir of Maj.-Gen. Sir Henry Creswicke

RAWLINSON, Bart. K.C.B. F.R.S. D.C.L. F.R.G.S. &c. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. F.R.G.S. Canon of Canterbury. With Portraits and a Map, and a Preface by Field-Marshal Lord ROBERTS. 8vo. 16s.

'Few Englishmen of the present century have better deserved the posthumous honours of a biography than the distinguished soldier, statesman, and scholar, Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson.'—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

'In every respect Sir Henry Rawlinson was a man whose memory his compatriots should hold in lasting regard. What he was, what he did, they may learn from this admirable biography.'—DAILY NEWS.

'As a piece of biography, this work may be commended for its lucidity and cohesion, for the spirit—rare in a civilian chronicle—of its military detail, and for its able scientific exposition. Students of antiquities and of comparative geography will find in it quite as much attraction as will soldiers and politicians and men of letters. Rawlinson's many-sided talent could not have been indicated with more force and truth.'—GLOBE.

## The Story of the Malakand Field Force.

An Episode of Frontier War. By WINSTON L. SPENCER CHURCHILL, Lieutenant, the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. With Maps and Plans and Portrait of Major-Gen. Sir BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B. Commanding Malakand Field Force. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'The book is written with all the freshness and lively observation that might be expected from a clever war correspondent, and these qualities are combined with a commendable faculty for making military movements and tactics understood by the civilian.'—MORNING POST.

## The Life of Francis Place, 1771–1854.

By GRAHAM WALLAS, M.A. Lecturer at the London School of Economics and Political Science. 8vo. 12s.

## The Gold Coast, Past and Present.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, Director of Education, and H.M. Inspector of Schools for the Gold Coast Colony and the Protectorate. With Illustrations. [*In preparation.*]

## History of England under Henry IV.

By JAMES HAMILTON WYLIE, M.A. one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Vol. IV. 21s. [*Just published.*]

\* \* Vol. I. 1399–1404, 10s. 6d.; Vol. II. 15s.; Vol. III. 15s.

## The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor.

By Lady NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE. With Illustrations from Family Portraits. 8vo. [*In the press.*]

NEW BOOK BY MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

## Problems of Modern Industry:

Essays. By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB, Authors of the 'History of Trade Unionism,' 'Industrial Democracy,' &c. [*In the press.*]

## The Angora Goat

(Published under the auspices of the South African Angora Goat Breeders' Association); and 'A PAPER ON THE OSTRICH' (reprinted from the *Zoologist* for March 1897). By S. C. CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER. 8vo. [*Nearly ready.*]

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

## NEW EDITION OF W. M. THACKERAY'S WORKS.

To be Issued in Thirteen Monthly Volumes, Large crown 8vo. cloth, gilt top, 6s. each.

## THE BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION OF W. M. Thackeray's Complete Works

*This New and Revised Edition comprises*

### ADDITIONAL MATERIAL AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, SKETCHES, AND DRAWINGS,

Derived from the Author's Original Manuscripts and Note-Book.

The authorised Life of Thackeray has never been written, because it was the novelist's expressed wish that there should be no biography. But his life is in his books, and of each book a memoir, forming an Introduction to each volume, has been written by his surviving daughter, Mrs. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

The works will be arranged as far as possible in chronological order, and each novel will be contained in a single volume.

Volume I.: 'VANITY FAIR,' with 20 Full-page Illustrations, 11 Woodcuts, a Facsimile Letter, and a New Portrait, will be PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THIS COUNTRY AND IN THE UNITED STATES ON APRIL 15th, 1898, and a Volume will be issued each subsequent month, so that the entire Edition will be completed on April 15th, 1899.

### NEW VOLUME OF 'THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.'

Now Ready. 15s. net, in cloth; or in half-morocco, marbled edges, 20s. net.

Volume 54 (STANHOPE—STOVIN) of the

## DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by SIDNEY LEE.

Volume I. was published on January 1, 1888, and a further volume will be issued quarterly until the completion of the Work, which will be effected within two years from the present date.

NOTE.—A full prospectus of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' with Specimen Pages, will be sent upon application.

### The Correspondence of a Distinguished Irishman.

With a Portrait. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

### MR. GREGORY'S LETTER-BOOK, 1813-30. Edited by Lady GREGORY.

'One of the most interesting Irish books that have ever come into our hands.'—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

### EGYPT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; or, Mehemet Ali and his Successors until the British occupation in 1882. By DONALD A. CAMERON, H.B.M.'s Consul at Port Said. With a Map. Post 8vo. 6s.

### New and Cheaper Edition of Gardner's 'Household Medicine.'

Now ready, THIRTEENTH EDITION, with numerous  
Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**GARDNER'S HOUSEHOLD  
MEDICINE AND SICK-ROOM GUIDE:** a  
Description of the Means of Preserving Health,  
and the Treatment of Diseases, Injuries, and  
Emergencies. Revised and expressly Adapted for  
the Use of Families, Missionaries, and Colonists.  
By W. H. C. STAVELEY, F.R.C.S. Eng.

### NEW NOVELS.

Just Published. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**A SOLDIER OF MANHATTAN,**  
and his Adventures at Ticonderoga and Quebec.  
By J. A. ALTSHELER, Author of 'The Sun of  
Saratoga.'

**FOR THE RELIGION:** being the  
Records of Blaise de Bernaud. By HAMILTON  
DRUMMOND. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'We have no hesitation in awarding "For the  
Religion" a place in the first rank of the historical  
novels of the day. Altogether a very excellent book.'  
ACADEMY.

**SENORITA MONTENAR.** By  
ARCHER P. CROUCH, Author of 'On a Surf-bound  
Coast,' 'Glimpses of Feverland,' 'Captain Enderis,'  
&c. Crown 8vo. 6s. [On April 15.]

**THE AMBITION OF JUDITH.** By  
OLIVE BIRRELL, Author of 'Anthony Langyde'  
and 'Behind the Magic Mirror.' Crown 8vo. 6s.  
[In the press.]

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

NEW BOOK BY MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.  
**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of 'A Gentleman of France' &c.

With 24 Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*DAILY NEWS*.—'A more stirring narrative, a story fuller of life, or richer in dramatic colour, has not yet come from the same pen.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*.—'As a general picture of the political life of the day, the book is admirable, and the figures which stand out from this background bear signs of a master's hand.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*GRAPHIC*.—'The situations are well contrived, and the *dénouement*, where the last crushing evidence against Lord Shrewsbury turns out to be a proof of the King's magnanimity in the King's own handwriting, is a telling stroke of historic comedy.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*SPEAKER*.—'It need hardly be said that Mr. Weyman's brilliant pen provides us with a vivid picture of the times of which he treats. . . . "Shrewsbury" will hold its own beside any of its brilliant predecessors.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*SPECTATOR*.—'Mr. Weyman styles his new book simply a romance, but it is in reality a historical novel, and an uncommonly able and interesting piece of work into the bargain. . . . The great triumph of the book is really the self-revelation of the narrator. The psychology of cowardice has seldom been more elaborately set forth in a work of fiction.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*STAR*.—'A romance that will stand by "The Gentleman of France" or "The House of the Wolf." There is not a dull page in the book.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*GLOBE*.—'Mr. Weyman's story, so far as it follows the fortunes of Shrewsbury, is a masterly exposition of a noble nature undone by a single defect. The scenes in which the historical hero appears are among the best in the book.'

---

**SHREWSBURY:**

A Romance of the Reign of William III.

6/-

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

*LITERATURE*.—'Ferguson is an interesting and vivid portrait, and, if we accept it as a true one, we can only wonder the more that he escaped the gallows. Shrewsbury himself and William III. are equally good.'

---

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

## PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S REMINISCENCES. SECOND EDITION.

### Auld Lang Syne.

By the Right Hon. F. MAX MÜLLER. With Portrait, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CONTENTS: Musical Recollections—Literary Recollections—Recollections of Royalties—Beggars.

### NEW EDITION OF PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S WORKS

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. have in preparation a COLLECTED EDITION of the Works of the Right Hon. Professor F. MAX MÜLLER. The volumes will be issued monthly from March 1898, at a uniform price of 5s. each, in crown 8vo.

#### Natural Religion:

The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1888. [Ready.]

#### Anthropological Religion:

The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1891. [May 1898.]

#### Physical Religion:

The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1890. [April 1898.]

#### Theosophy;

or, Psychological Religion: the Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1892. [June 1898.]

### NEW BOOK BY MR. ANDREW LANG.

#### The Making of Religion.

By ANDREW LANG. 8vo.

[In the press.]

#### The Works of Horace, Rendered into

English Prose. With Life, Introduction, and Notes. By WILLIAM COUTTS, M.A., Senior Classical Master, George Watson's College, Edinburgh; formerly Assistant Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

#### The First Part of the Tragedy of Faust in

English. By THOS. E. WEBB, LL.D. sometime Fellow of Trinity College; Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin, &c. New and Cheaper Edition, with THE DEATH OF FAUST, from the Second Part. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'Ripe scholarship and earnest care have been expended upon every part of the work. It is a model of translation, and by all scholars will be most highly prized.'—*IRISH TIMES*.

#### Progress in Women's Education in the British

Empire: being the Report of the Education Section, Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897. Edited by the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'A most interesting and valuable contribution to the history of the Victorian era.'—*DAILY NEWS*.

### NEW VOLUMES OF THE SILVER LIBRARY.

#### The Council of Trent.

By JAMES A. FROUDE. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

#### The Life of Luther.

By JULIUS KÖSTLIN. With 62 Illustrations and 4 Facsimiles of MSS. Translated from the German. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

#### The Moon: Her Motions, Aspect, Scenery, and Physical Condition.

By R. A. PROCTOR. With many Plates and Charts, Wood Engravings, and 2 Lunar Photographs. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

#### A Monk of Fife: a Story of the Days of

Joan of Arc. By ANDREW LANG. With 13 Illustrations. New Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

#### The Stark Munro Letters.

By A. CONAN DOYLE. New Edition, with Frontispiece and Vignette. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

With Portrait, 24 Plates (8 Charts), and 14 Illustrations in the Text  
(6 Charts), 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

# DRAKE AND THE TUDOR NAVY.

WITH

## A History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power.

BY

**JULIAN S. CORBETT.**

*DAILY NEWS*.—‘A valuable output from the mine of history, and a most welcome help to all who would understand the origin and progress of British sea-power.’

*TIMES*.—‘Mr. Julian Corbett has stepped at once into the front rank of writers on naval history. His work belongs to the same order of naval literature as the classical volumes of Capt. Mahan.’

*GRAPHIC*.—‘Were Drake a character in fiction we should insist that chance had favoured him in the unlikeliest way, and that coincidence was used in his case to excess. It is of this miraculous man that Mr. Corbett has written, and written with consummate skill. In fact, we may say that this book places its author amongst the first living English historians, and this without bestowing excessive praise.’

*SCOTSMAN*.—‘In “Drake and the Tudor Navy,” Mr. Corbett has applied to our early naval history the scientific method which was introduced by Captain Mahan in dealing with the end of the period, which the subject of the present work begins. . . . The story of Drake’s voyages has often been told, but never so well or so fully as Mr. Corbett now gives it to us. . . . Mr. Corbett has treated the most interesting of subjects in the manner, surely, in which all history should be written. It may be said with truth, what is often said of the modern novel, there is not a dull page from beginning to end.’

*DAILY TELEGRAPH*.—‘No one can read the two fascinating volumes which Mr. Julian Corbett has compiled on this romantic theme without feeling that Sir Francis Drake—the greatest sea captain of his age and the terror of the Spanish main—has at length found a biographer worthy of his fame.’

*STANDARD*.—‘Mr. Corbett has achieved a signal success. Not only has he given us by far the best technical description of the Elizabethan navy, not only has he with infinite research reconstructed step by step the history of those obscure battles which issued in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, but he has also rescued from unmerited reproach a glorious name, and has shown us for the first time the full grandeur of Drake’s character.’

*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*.—‘Mr. Corbett has given us the first scientific study of the Armada campaign, the first scientific study, indeed, of Drake’s career. He knows what an Elizabethan ship was built for, and how she was built, what she could and what she could not do; and he has been able, largely by the help of the Spanish papers and by a minute re-examination of the papers and relations preserved in this country, to reconstruct the naval tactics and explain the manoeuvres, and even occasionally to point out the mistakes and shortcomings of the Elizabethan commanders. This has been no easy work, but the result is good reading.’

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.



# MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

## A Child's History of Ireland.

From the Earliest Times to the Death of O'Connell. By P. W. JOYCE, LL.D. With Specially Constructed Map and 160 Illustrations, including Facsimile in Full Colours of an Illuminated Page of the Gospel Book of MacDurnan, A.D. 850. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

## The Annual Charities Register and Digest :

being a Classified Register of Charities in or available for the Metropolis, together with a Digest of Information respecting the Legal, Voluntary, and other Means for the Prevention and Relief of Distress and the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, and an Elaborate Index. With an Introduction by C. S. LOCH, Secretary to Council of the Charity Organisation Society, London. 8vo. 4s.

'To read it is a liberal education in philanthropy. It is able, exhaustive, lucid, and informing. The "Register" is admirably done, and the remarkably copious index is quite a work of art.'—GLASGOW HERALD.

## 'Thoughts and Words.'

By STEPHEN DOWELL. 3 vols. crown 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

\*\*\* This is a Selection of Passages in Prose and Verse from Authors, Ancient and Modern, arranged according to the subject.

## An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy

against Wordsworth. By W. HALE WHITE, Editor of 'The Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS. in the Possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman.' Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

## THE LAST ROMANCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS.

### The Sundering Flood: a Romance.

By WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of 'The Earthly Paradise' &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

'The charm of the book is upon us still. The joy of life, the youthfulness of it all, the frank belief in the love of women and the honour of men, the open-eyed wonder of boyhood in presence of the beauty of God's universe, will go with us for days like some haunting strain of the music of a great master. This book will rank with Morris's best work, between "Sigurd" and "The Roots of the Mountains."—DAILY NEWS.

## NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

### Shrewsbury :

A Romance of the Reign of William III. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN, Author of 'A Gentleman of France' &c. With 24 Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'A more stirring narrative, a story fuller of life, or richer in dramatic colour, has not yet come from the same pen.'—DAILY NEWS.

'Mr. Weyman styles his new book simply a romance, but it is in reality a historical novel, and an uncommonly able and interesting piece of work into the bargain. . . . The great triumph of the book is really the self-revelation of the narrator. The psychology of cowardice has seldom been more elaborately set forth in a work of fiction.'—SPECTATOR.

### Weeping Ferry, and other Stories.

By MARGARET L. WOODS, Author of 'A Village Tragedy.' Crown 8vo. 6s.

'Mrs. Woods has a literary style whose purity and freshness are merits attained by very few writers of to-day.'—DAILY MAIL.

### Iva Kildare : a Matrimonial Problem.

By L. B. WALFORD, Author of 'Mr. Smith' &c. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'There is something delightfully audacious, and at the same time ideal and idyllic, about Mrs. Walford's new novel.'—DAILY GRAPHIC.

### A Tsar's Gratitude.

By FRED J. WHISHAW, Author of 'A Boyar of the Terrible' &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

'Nihilism affords a grand field for romancing, and the story, which is woven round this outline, is powerful and exciting to the finish.'—DUNDEE COURIER.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.



# THE SILVER LIBRARY.

Arnold's (Sir Edwin) Seas and Lands. With 71 Illustrations	s. d. 3 6	Froude's (J. A.) Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life. 1795-1835. 2 vols. ...	s. d. 7 0
Bagehot's (W.) Biographical Studies ...	3 6	1834-1881. 2 vols. ...	7 0
Bagehot's (W.) Economic Studies ...	3 6	Froude's (J. A.) Cæsar: a Sketch	3 6
Bagehot's (W.) Literary Studies. With Portrait. 3 vols. ... each	3 6	Froude's (J. A.) The Spanish Story of the Armada, &c. ...	3 6
Baker's (Sir S. W.) Eight Years in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations	3 6	Froude's (J. A.) The Two Chiefs of Dunboy: an Irish Romance	3 6
Baker's (Sir S. W.) Rifle and Hound in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations	3 6	Froude's (J. A.) The English in Ireland. 3 vols. ...	10 6
Baring-Gould's (Rev. S.) Curious Myths of the Middle Ages...	3 6	Froude's (J. A.) The Council of Trent ...	3 6
Baring-Gould's (Rev. S.) Origin and Development of Religious Belief. 2 vols. ... each	3 6	Gleig's (Rev. G. R.) Life of the Duke of Wellington ...	3 6
Becker's (Prof.) Gallus; or, Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. Illustrated ...	3 6	Greville's (C. C. F.) Journal of the Reigns of King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria. 8 vols. each	3 6
Becker's (Prof.) Charicles; or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. Illustrated	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) She. With 32 Illustrations ...	3 6
Bent's (J. T.) The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. With 117 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Allan Quatermain. With 20 Illustrations ...	3 6
Brassey's (Lady) A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam.' With 66 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Colonel Quaritch, V.O.: a Tale of Country Life	3 6
Butler's (Edward A.) Our Household Insects. With 120 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Cleopatra. With 29 Full-page Illustrations ...	3 6
Clodd's (E.) Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Eric Brighteyes. With 51 Illustrations ...	3 6
Conybeare (Rev. W. J.) and Howson's (Very Rev. J. S.) Life and Epistles of St. Paul. With 46 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Beatrice ...	3 6
Dougall's (L.) Beggars All ...	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Joan Haste. With 20 Illustrations ...	3 6
Doyle's (A. Conan) Micah Clarke: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Allan's Wife. With 34 Illustrations ...	3 6
Doyle's (A. Conan) The Captain of the 'Polestar,' and other Tales	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) The Witch's Head. With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
Doyle's (A. Conan) The Refugees: a Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Mr. Meeson's Will. With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
Doyle's (A. Conan) The Stark Munro Letters ...	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Nada the Lily. With 23 Illustrations ...	3 6
Froude's (J. A.) The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. each	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Montezuma's Daughter. With 25 Illustrations	3 6
Froude's (J. A.) Short Studies on Great Subjects. 4 vols. each	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) Dawn. With 16 Illustrations ...	3 6
Froude's (J. A.) The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon ...	3 6	Haggard's (H. R.) The People of the Mist. With 16 Illustrations	3 6
		Haggard (H. R.) and Lang's (A.) The World's Desire. With 27 Illustrations ...	3 6
		Harte's (Bret) In the Carquinez Woods, and other Stories ...	3 6
		Helmholtz's (Hermann von) Lectures on Scientific Subjects. With 68 Illus. 2 vols. ea.	3 6
		Hornung's (E. W.) The Unbidden Guest ...	3 6
		Howitt's (W.) Visits to Remarkable Places. With 80 Illus.	3 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# THE SILVER LIBRARY.

s. d.

7 0	Jefferies' (R.) The Story of my Heart. With Portrait ...	3 6
7 0	Jefferies' (R.) Field and Hedge-row. With Portrait ...	3 6
3 6	Jefferies' (R.) Red Deer. With 17 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Jefferies' (R.) Wood Magic: a Fable. ...	3 6
0 6	Jefferies' (R.) The Toilers of the Field. ...	3 6
3 6	Kaye (Sir J.) and Malleeson's (Col.) History of the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8. 6 vols. each	3 6
3 6	Knight's (E. F.) Where Three Empires Meet: a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Thibet, &c. With a Map and 54 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Knight's (E. F.) The Cruise of the 'Alerte.' With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Knight's (E. F.) The 'Falcon' on the Baltic. With Map and 11 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Kostlin's (J.) The Life of Luther. With 62 Illustrations	3 6
3 6	Lang's (A.) Angling Sketches. With 20 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Lang's (A.) Custom and Myth.	3 6
3 6	Lang's (A.) Cook Lane and Common-Sense ...	3 6
3 6	Lang's (A.) A Monk of Fife: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. With 13 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Lees (J. A.) and Clutterbuck's (W. J.) B.O. 1887, A Ramble in British Columbia. With Maps and 75 Illustrations ...	3 6
3 6	Macaulay's (Lord) Essays and Lays of Ancient Rome. With Portrait and Illustrations to the 'Lays' ...	3 6
3 6	Macleod's (H. D.) Elements of Banking ...	3 6
3 6	Marbot's (Baron de) Memoirs. Translated. 2 vols. ...	7 0
3 6	Marshman's (J. C.) Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock... ..	3 6
3 6	Max Müller's (F.) India, what can it teach us? ...	3 6
3 6	Max Müller's (F.) Introduction to the Science of Religion ...	3 6
3 6	Merivale's (Dean) History of the Romans under the Empire. 8 vols... .. each	3 6
3 6	Mill's (J. S.) Political Economy	3 6
3 6	Mill's (J. S.) System of Logic	3 6

Milner's (Geo.) Country Pleasures: the Chronicle of a Year chiefly in a Garden ...	3 6
Nansen's (F.) The First Crossing of Greenland. With Illustrations and a Map ...	3 6
Phillipps-Wolley's (O.) Snap: a Legend of the Lone Mountain. With 13 Illustrations ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) The Orbs Around Us ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) The Expanse of Heaven ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Other Worlds than Ours ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Rough Ways made Smooth ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Pleasant Ways in Science ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Myths and Marvels of Astronomy ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) The Moon ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Nature Studies... ..	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Other Suns than Ours ...	3 6
Proctor's (R. A.) Our Place among Infinities ...	3 6
Proctor (R. A.), Clodd (E.), Ranyard (A.C.), and others, Leisure Readings ...	3 6
Rhoscomyl's (Owen) The Jewel of Ynys Galon ...	3 6
Rossetti's (Maria F.) A Shadow of Dante ...	3 6
Smith's (R. Bosworth) Carthage and the Carthaginians. With Maps, Plans, &c. ...	3 6
Stanley's (Bishop) Familiar History of Birds. With 160 Illustrations ...	3 6
Stevenson's (R. L.) The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; with other Fables ...	3 6
Stevenson (R. L.) and Osbourne's (Lil.) The Wrong Box ...	3 6
Stevenson's (R. L.) and (Fanny van de Grift) More New Arabian Nights.—The Dynamiter ...	3 6
Weyman's (Stanley J.) The House of the Wolf: a Romance	3 6
Wood's (Rev. J. G.) Petland Revisited. With 33 Illustrations	3 6
Wood's (Rev. J. G.) Strange Dwellings. With 60 Illustrations	3 6
Wood's (Rev. J. G.) Out of Doors. With 11 Illustrations ...	3 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

'Its food value is double that of Bread made from ordinary wheaten flour.'—*Lancet*.



You cannot improve  
upon . . . .

# Hovis

Bread and Biscuits .  
for Flavour and . .  
Digestive Properties.



Be sure each Loaf is Stamped HOVIS.

Hovis Bread is baked and delivered daily by all good class family Bakers in the British Isles; or 6d. and 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits will be sent on receipt of stamps, by The Hovis Bread Flour Co., Millers, Macclesfield.

## JUNO CYCLES Are the Very Best

Easy Terms—12 Equal Monthly Payments.

**THE JUNO** **EASY TERMS**

**LISTS POST FREE**

**CASH DISCOUNT & CARRIAGE PAID**

Write for New Season's List of JUNO Cycles and Accessories, sent Post Free. Standard Cyclometers, 10,000 miles, 2/8 Post Free.

Juno Lady or Gent's Safeties, £13 12 0  
21/- Monthly. £14 14 0  
24/- Monthly. £16 16 0  
28/- Monthly.

Juno Diamonds, from £10. (16s. 9d. Monthly.)  
**METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., Ltd.,**  
75 & 76 Bishopsgate Without, LONDON, E.C.

**JUNO CYCLING SCHOOL** 1,700 feet.

West End Show-Rooms: Piccadilly Circus (exactly opposite the Criterion), London, W.

## NOTES ON BOOKS

BEING AN ANALYSIS OF THE WORKS  
PUBLISHED DURING EACH QUARTER BY  
**MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.**

No. CLXXII. FEBRUARY 28, 1898.

\*.\* Copies of Notes on Books are forwarded free by post by Messrs. LONGMANS & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; or 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.; or 32 Hornby Road, Bombay.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

## Clarke's Blood Mixture.

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In cases of Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Blackheads, Pimples, Boils, Humours, and Diseases of the Blood and Skin, and Sores of all kinds its effects are marvellous.

Thousands of Testimonials.

Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. per bottle.

## KEATING'S POWDER IS USEFUL

in preserving blankets and furs from Moths. Sprinkle well with the Powder before putting away.

**KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS.**

Tins 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1898.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE DUENNA OF A GENIUS. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL), Author of 'In a North Country Village,' 'A Daughter of the Soil,' &c. . . . .	471
Chapter X.—Allegretto ma non troppo.	
XI.—Mezza Voce.	
XII.—Allegro agitato.	
ANGELO'S 'REMINISCENCES.' By AUSTIN DOBSON . . . . .	503
THE ANGLER'S BIRDS. By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR . . . . .	514
A PAIR OF LYNXES. By FRED WHISHAW . . . . .	519
A GENTLE ART OF GEORGIAN ENGLAND. By Mrs. CLEMENT PARSONS . . . . .	526
THE POET BIRD. By Mrs. HUBBARD . . . . .	533
UNTRODDEN WAYS. By H. C. TROLLOPE . . . . .	535
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG . . . . .	549

DELICIOUS. NUTRITIVE. DIGESTIBLE.

# BENGER'S

FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

*The LANCET says—*  
'Mr. Benger's admirable preparation.'

*The LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says—*  
'Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable.'

**COLD MEDAL** awarded Health Exhibition, LONDON.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

## WORKS BY MRS. DE SALIS.

	s. d.		s. d.
Cakes and Confections à la Mode . . . . .	1 6	New Laid Eggs: Hints for Amateur . . . . .	1 6
Dogs: a Manual for Amateurs . . . . .	1 6	Poultry Rearers . . . . .	1 6
Dressed Game and Poultry à la Mode . . . . .	1 6	Oysters à la Mode . . . . .	1 6
Dressed Vegetables à la Mode . . . . .	1 6	Puddings and Pastry à la Mode . . . . .	1 6
Drinks à la Mode . . . . .	1 6	Savouries à la Mode . . . . .	1 6
Entrées à la Mode . . . . .	1 6	Soups and Dressed Fish à la Mode . . . . .	1 6
Floral Decorations . . . . .	1 6	Sweets and Supper Dishes à la Mode . . . . .	1 6
Gardening à la Mode. Part I. Vegetables, 1s. 6d. Part II. Fruits . . . . .	1 6	Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes . . . . .	1 6
National Viands à la Mode . . . . .	1 6	Wrinkles and Notions for every Household . . . . .	1 6

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

# OETZMANN & CO.

62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77 and 79

## HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road);

GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN; 75 UNION STREET, RYDE.

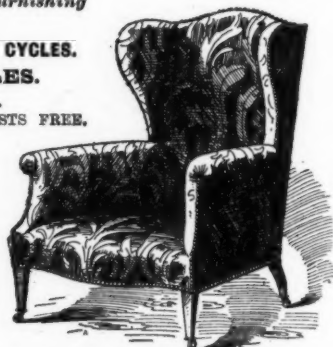
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (the 'Best Furnishing Guide extant') POST FREE.

NEW DEPARTMENT FOR CYCLES.  
HIGH GRADE CYCLES.

MODERATE PRICES.  
LISTS FREE.



SHERATON EASY CHAIR, spring stuffed and covered tapestry .. .. £19 6



GRANNY EASY CHAIR, spring stuffed, and covered tapestry .. .. £115 0

## BORD'S PIANOS

25 per cent. Discount for Cash, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the Three Years' System. — Lists free of

CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 and 42 Southampton Row, London, W.C. PIANOS EXCHANGED.

## BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for hire on the Three Years' System, at ad-

vantageous prices and terms.—Lists and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 and 42 Southampton Row, London, W.C.


### FOR CYCLES & CARRIAGES

## DUNLOP TYRES

Handsome Illustrated Booklet, First in 1888  
'ALL ABOUT DUNLOP TYRES,' Foremost  
Post Free. ever since.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd.,  
160 to 166 CLERKENWELL ROAD,  
LONDON, E.C.

12



**HOT OR BOILING WATER**

**COLD WATER**

**PATENT SAFETY DUAL TAP**

**HOT WATER INSTANTLY, NIGHT or DAY.**

**'EWART'S' GEYSERS**

For Gas or Oil.

Over 20,000 in Use.

346 EUSTON RD., LONDON.

Illustrated Price List Free.

# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

---

APRIL 1898.

---

## *The Duenna of a Genius.*

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL),

AUTHOR OF 'IN A NORTH COUNTRY VILLAGE,'

'A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL,' &c.

### CHAPTER X.

ALLEGRETTO MA NON TROPPO.

THE days that ensued were dreary ones indeed. The remembrance of all that had passed after that fatal concert lay heavily upon the hearts of both sisters, but neither spoke of it. Valérie imposed this restraint on herself as a kind of atonement for her inconsiderate complaints; her attitude towards Margot was now full of remorseful tenderness; she practised assiduously, but Margot could not help seeing that she was restless and dispirited. Indeed, though Valérie missed Sir John, her regret was swallowed up in the deeper, more abiding discontent with her lot, from which the excitement consequent on his coming and going had for a time diverted her, but which now returned with renewed force. It was probable that even if the breach with their friend had not taken place, there would have been shortly a reaction in Valérie's feelings; she was too true an artist to stifle for long her cravings for fame. Her vocation was imperative, overpowering; she had a message to deliver to the world, and she would know no rest until she obtained a hearing. But this hope seemed, at this stage of her career, to be further than ever from being realised. No more fashionable hostesses asked her to play at their 'At Homes,' and in some unaccountable way the introductions



which the sisters had been promised came to naught. Once or twice it flashed across Margot that this might be owing to Lady Rosamond's ill-natured tongue; and, though she was naturally perturbed at the effect thus produced, she felt something that was almost satisfaction in surmising the cause. She had, then, not been altogether mistaken in her fears, not entirely unwise in her precautions; there had been grounds, after all, for her interference. But oh, how differently she might have set about it! Constantly, continually she was haunted by the memory of Sir John's words: 'I have always tried to be her friend—and yours.' 'Her friend and yours!' And her own heart would cry out in reply: 'He was—he was our friend, and I have driven him away.' His face was perpetually before her; she caught herself dwelling on its varying expressions, thinking over certain little tricks of manner, certain attitudes of his; she was actually pursued for days together by a passage in one of the songs which she had been teaching him—a passage in which he invariably made the same mistake. Over and over again that passage rang through her brain, the false note recurring with maddening persistency; she could see him bending over the page, his handsome brows knit in momentary vexation, then the apologetic smile which followed, the little backward toss of the head. He had one day torn the page of this particular song in his haste to turn it over. She remembered the episode well; she had been irritated by the repetition of the usual blunder, and he had declared she made him nervous. Ah, she would never be able to scold him any more. With brimming eyes she gazed at the torn page, but, suddenly recovering herself, continued the occupation in which she had been engaged when overtaken by this rush of emotion—that of sorting and putting away the music which Sir John Croft would never require again. So, at least, she presumed, for he never sent for it. What was more strange, and what was, oddly enough, a source of immense consolation to Margot, was that he had never paid her for the lessons he had actually had. It was no doubt very foolish and unpractical for so business-like a person as Mademoiselle Kostolitz to take comfort from the knowledge that Sir John had not acquitted his just debts; but she indubitably did. She felt that after what had passed she could not have borne to take his money. She had at first looked forward with unspeakable dread to the postman's knock, which might bring her a letter from him—a letter containing a cheque. How would the letter run? Just a few words, perhaps: 'With



Sir John Croft's compliments.' Or would he write a short and formal note?—'Dear Mademoiselle Kostolitz, I enclose herewith a cheque for the amount for which I am in your debt. I think you will find it correct. Yours truly,' &c.; and she would have to respond, 'Dear Sir John Croft, many thanks for the cheque, which I received quite safely. I enclose herewith my account receipted. Yours truly,' &c.—This would be their final parting! Oh, it would be unendurable, impossible! Luckily he seemed to find the situation as difficult as she did.

It was certainly well for Margot that she could take comfort from anything, for she stood sorely in need of comfort during those long, weary, wintry days. Valérie was growing pale and thin; and though she bravely endeavoured to assume a semblance of cheerfulness in Margot's presence, the latter's sharp and loving eyes were not to be deceived. She too sometimes felt almost hopeless about Valérie's future, and the present was certainly dark. It could not be said that Valérie's hasty words rankled in her sister's mind, since they had been freely forgiven, and the remembrance of them served but to call forth a fresh rush of compassionate tenderness; but the remembrance was there. Valérie, in her irritation, had disclosed her real feelings with regard to the home which Margot had with so much difficulty provided for her; it was therefore useless to keep up any pretence about it. Margot had done her best, but it was a miserable little place; Valérie's tawdry adornments served but to make it seem more poverty-stricken. During the very cold weather some of Margot's pupils ceased to take lessons, so that, in addition to her other troubles, she was now undergoing a continual gnawing anxiety about ways and means.

Meanwhile this stormy interview which had left such bitter regrets in Margot's mind had not been without a very strong effect upon Sir John. He had left town in a whirlwind of indignation, rebuking himself for his quixotic attempt to befriend people who resented his patronage, and resolving never again to meddle in anyone's affairs but his own. Margot's words stung and rankled in his memory. His face burned each time that he recalled them. He felt astonished, wounded, confounded. He had been so secure of his position as the sisters' friend and adviser, so sure of their trust, so confident of their affection, that Margot's sudden onslaught seemed to him an extraordinary thing; the little woman was not only unjust to him, but she actually despised him; there had been contempt, the most scathing con-

tempt, in her words and look. He could not get over it, and, what was more unaccountable still, it had engendered in him a certain contempt for himself. Distorted though Margot's point of view had been, entirely as she had misjudged his motives, he nevertheless felt that her view of his conduct was not altogether unjustifiable. He had been careless, he had been rash, he had idly let things take their course, without considering the consequences; and it was quite possible that the consequences might be serious enough for the Sisters Kostolitz.

'You are a man of the world; you ought to have known,' Margot had said. Yes, she was right; he ought to have known.

Margot would never have made any mistake prejudicial to a friend; of that he was sure. She might be hard, no doubt she *was* hard, but she was true. She would not hesitate to sacrifice herself and her own pleasure when duty demanded it. Was there ever such devotion as hers towards her sister? Oh, no doubt, hers was a fine character; he acknowledged this to himself many times with a kind of resentful admiration. How firm she was—how strong! In what she believed to be her sister's interest she had been prepared to take even the most extreme measures. Sir John smiled rather bitterly to himself as he reflected that he was the ruthless enemy from whom Margot had threatened to fly.

Yes, she would have carried out her resolve, though it would have been a desperate step; all the old heart-sickening struggles would have had to be gone through over again; all the old difficulties to be contended with. Sir John would soften at the remembrance of these past struggles and difficulties, and then, again, be angry with himself for softening; indeed, his prevailing attitude towards himself at this time was that of intense dissatisfaction. He felt exceedingly amazed at being so constantly pre-occupied with this affair. It was an episode which was finished, after all; why could he not have done with it? And he was equally annoyed because he had put himself in the way of such an episode, and again annoyed because he had not conducted himself all through the affair in a different manner. It was an obsession of which he could not rid himself. But a few short months ago one of Sir John's most noticeable and perhaps most lovable characteristics was his serene contentment with himself and with the world; but now he began to think the world a very topsyturvy place, and he himself a poor sort of fellow. What had he done with his life, after all? Nothing, except to get as much fun

out of it as he could. He thought of Margot's eager, scornful comments long ago at Brackenhurst, when he had confessed his contentment with an idle life.

'What a miserable view of existence!—you should be ashamed.'

Ah, there he was, working round to Margot again. What a different existence hers had been! *She* had fought her fight with the world single-handed, conquering countless obstacles, never suffering herself to be daunted; and all so quietly, so uncomplainingly, always anxious to push her sister to the front, being herself content with a second place.

'She has twice as much character as Valérie,' Croft would say to himself.

Valérie had never been rude or unkind to him, and he thought of her sometimes with an indulgent smile; but it was Margot's face that haunted him.

Towards the middle of February, when an untimely frost had put a temporary end to his hunting, and in the nature of things it was no longer possible to slaughter pheasants, Sir John, finding himself deprived of the natural solaces of man, thought he would indulge himself in a little trip to Paris. He stayed a few days in town on his way, and one afternoon, as he was walking down Charing Cross after a visit to his banker, his attention was suddenly caught by one face out of the many that passed him in that crowded thoroughfare. A small face, pinched and pale, with large frightened eyes looking at him with an intensity which had probably attracted his own. He had difficulty in realising that this timid, appealing face, this shrinking, hesitating figure belonged to Margot. She had always seemed so strong, so self-possessed, that he could scarcely recognise her identity. But it was Margot, nevertheless, and her face was upturned to his in piteous, unconscious appeal, and her eyes said imploringly, 'Do not pass me by!'

In an instant the cloud which had rested on his heart rolled away, and he extended his hand with his usual bright smile, saying—exactly as if they had parted yesterday, and that on the best of terms—

'Well, where may you be trotting to?'

Poor little Margot! To find herself standing thus, with her hand in his, and his eyes smiling down at her, and his pleasant voice sounding in her ears, was for a moment more than she could bear. She gave a little irrepressible sob and the tears rushed to her eyes. It was perhaps as well for her that everything, for a

moment, swam before her gaze; else she might have seen that in Sir John's face which would have further overwhelmed her—a sudden immense tenderness, such as it had never worn before.

There was a brief pause, and then he went on talking gently, so as to give her time to recover herself. He was not quite clear as to the drift of what he was saying, but by-and-by both regained sufficient self-possession to realise that he was expressing surprise at finding her so far from home, and rallying her on her independence in treading the crowded streets alone.

'I am not naturally independent,' said Margot, with a tremulous smile; she was not yet completely mistress of herself; 'but I think life has made me so, and yet I—I really do not like walking in the streets alone. I am always horribly frightened.'

Surely this was quite a new Margot! But Sir John thought the change very delightful. He gave her hand a little half-involuntary pressure, and the girl, suddenly recalled to the fact that he was still holding it, immediately withdrew it, very gently, and colouring the while.

'I am going to see my landlord,' she explained, anxious to cover the slight awkwardness of the situation. 'I have written to him once or twice, but he has not answered my letters, so I think it is better to try and see him. His office is near here.'

'How have you been getting on?' inquired Sir John, exactly in the old easy, natural way.

'Not very well. Some of my pupils have left off coming, and I cannot hear of any new ones.'

'Has your sister been asked to play anywhere?'

Sir John's tone was not quite so easy and natural now.

Margot shook her head. She did not dare to meet his eyes, knowing that the same thought which had so often passed through her mind was probably at that moment suggesting itself to him. Was this sudden withering of the hopes which had dazzled Valérie after her first appearance in London society due directly to Lady Rosamond Gorst, and indirectly to Sir John himself? After a moment she stole a glance at him, and saw that her surmise was correct; he was looking vexed and perturbed.

'In any case,' she said quickly, 'it is not that which distresses Valérie. It might have amused her, perhaps, and been a distraction to her, but she will never be really happy until she has made her mark in public—at a concert, I mean. She longs to be

recognised by the world at large—the musical world—and no minor successes would satisfy that craving.’

Croft was grateful to Margot for her eager effort to stifle his self-reproach, but he remained serious, various doughty resolutions taking shape in his mind; it should not be his fault if Valérie’s aspirations were not speedily gratified.

‘There must be some way surely of managing these things. Could not you interview an impresario or agent of some kind?’

‘Alas!’ she returned, ‘I have indeed seen one or two. Valérie had excellent introductions from her masters in Paris, but somehow they seemed to come to nothing. When one is poor and a stranger, it is so hard to obtain a footing. These gentlemen have promised to remember Valérie whenever there may be an opening for her, but the opening seems a long time in coming; they prefer, I suppose, to engage artists whose reputation is already established, and I have always heard that the French school of music is unpopular in England.’

‘Oh, I think we know how to appreciate a good thing, no matter where it comes from,’ observed Croft, who was enough of a John Bull to resent this imputation of insular prejudice. ‘I know there must be some way of getting at these fellows,’ he went on, with all the bravery of the Philistine. ‘I will make inquiries, and report to you as to the result. I suppose,’ he added, dropping his voice and looking earnestly at Margot, ‘I must not come and see you?’

There was a long pause, and then Margot answered hesitatingly—

‘I think, perhaps, you had better not.’

She would have liked to say more, but voice and courage alike failed her; only her eyes, those sweet eyes which said so much more than she knew, continued to plead ‘Do not be angry with me.’

Sir John was not angry, but for a moment or two he did not relax his grave and steady gaze; it was so new, so strange and sweet, to see his former Mentor thus palpitating in fear of his displeasure. But he did not prolong her suspense.

‘You are a loyal little soul,’ he said, with a smile which reassured her. ‘Do you really mean to tell me that I must consider my musical education complete? Am I to have no more lessons? Shall I never have a chance of perfecting myself in “*Comme à vingt ans*”? I fear I shall be reduced to the condition of the sentimental hero of that touching ditty—I shall have to weep, though

not in the beautiful falsetto which I fondly hoped you were going to teach me.'

He laughed instead, however, and Margot laughed too—a laugh with a suggestion of tears in it. She could scarcely bear to touch on a subject which had held so much pain for her, and which even yet she could not bring herself to speak of lightly. There was not much mirth in Sir John's laugh either, in spite of his jesting words.

'I should like to resume my lessons,' he went on gravely; 'in fact, I mean to devise some way in which I can resume them. Surely it should not be so difficult for you to resume your functions as teacher without offending Mrs. Grundy! Supposing I were to hit upon a plan, a perfectly satisfactory plan, which would enable me to continue my lessons in a way which could not by any chance shock the susceptibilities of the greatest stickler for conventions, would you consent to take back your pupil?'

'It would be like finding a blue rose,' said Margot; 'that is to say, an impossibility.'

'But if——'

'If,' she echoed with a gentle, tolerant little laugh, 'ah, if indeed you proved yourself so clever, I would certainly agree to your marvellous plan.'

'That is settled, then,' said Croft. 'One thing more: when we resume our lessons, will you believe that the pupil likes them?'

Margot responded with a good deal of haste and trepidation that naturally he would by that time have given so much proof of his earnestness and diligence that it would be impossible to suspect him.

'But now I must really make haste to my man's office,' she pursued, 'or else perhaps he will be out. Do you know that we have been standing here, under the shadow of St. Paul's, stopping the free circulation of the passers-by, for quite a long time? See how the people are staring! I must really say good-bye. I am very glad we met.'

They parted, Sir John turning his head every now and then to watch the small figure tread its way through the crowded streets, often jostled and pushed on one side. When it was out of sight, he walked on with a very serious face.

---



## CHAPTER XI.

MEZZA VOCE.

VALÉRIE was practising when Margot returned home, and paused for a moment on hearing of the meeting with Sir John; then she resumed her playing, continuing her roulades and flourishes all the time that her sister was giving a detailed account of the event. Margot, who had expected her to be almost as much rejoiced as herself at the reconciliation with their friend, was a little disappointed; though her thoughts during her homeward way had been preoccupied with the fear that Valérie would be annoyed on hearing there was to be no question of Sir John's coming to the house. By-and-by Valérie, still continuing her playing, renewed this fear by inquiring when Sir John was coming to see them.

'He wanted to come, Valérie; but I told him I thought it would be better for him to stay away. I feared that fresh complications might arise. Come what may, I am resolved not to run any further risks of injury to you or your career.'

'Ah, my career,' repeated Valérie, dropping the hand that held the bow. '*Il s'agit bien de cela.*'

'He wanted,' pursued Margot hesitatingly, 'to resume his lessons here; but I told him it was impossible.'

'I dare say you are right,' said Valérie indifferently.

'You are not angry, darling, are you?' pursued Margot, laying her hands on Valérie's shoulders, and trying to see her face. 'You know, my dear, I would gladly, gladly——'

'Ah, *je me moque bien de Sir John*,' cried the other, wrenching herself away and turning suddenly round. 'Do you think I care whether he comes to the house or not? Do you think it is anything to me if he and his big voice are never more inside this room? It is not he,' she continued passionately, 'who would make me feel gay now. I have a mortal sadness in my heart and in my soul. Oh, Margot, Margot, all our dreams were *chimères*! No one believes in me but you! Sometimes I do not believe in myself. Oh, I think it will kill me—always hoping and waiting, and never having a chance!'

Still clinging to her violin, she began to cry so stormily that Margot felt the outburst had been long repressed.

'Are we any better off now,' she sobbed after a pause, 'than when we went to Brackenhurst, months ago? We had counted



on doing so much this winter, and here we are exactly in the same position—waiting and waiting for something that never comes.’

‘Sir John said to-day,’ put in Margot, who was almost beside herself with distress at her sister’s anguish, ‘that he would make inquiries. He said, if you could only obtain a temporary engagement even——’

‘If M. de la Palisse was not dead he would still be alive!’ interrupted Valérie with an angry sob. ‘If you think that Sir John Croft will get us out of our difficulties—he, who scarcely knows *fa bémol* from *si dièse*! It is indeed he who understands musical matters! Ah, my poor Margot, I know I am detestable to-day, but I am so miserable.’

She laid her head on Margot’s shoulder, and Margot, clasping her sorrowfully, forgot how happy she had been a little while before.

Next morning brought a letter from Sir John.

‘Dear Mademoiselle Margot,—I think I can almost grasp my blue rose. Would not four unexceptionable chaperons, all past fifty, satisfy your ideas of propriety? After parting with you to-day, I suddenly bethought me of a family of cousins who have a nice little house in Onslow Gardens, and a piano on which they seldom play. One of my cousins is a widow, and the others are unmarried. All are of the highest respectability and devoted to good works. I called on them an hour or two ago, and represented to them that they would perform an act of charity in enabling me to repair my neglected musical education by placing their piano at my disposal. They are very fond of me, and readily consented to the arrangement I suggested. They are kind, simple, unworldly people; I think you will like them. You see I talk as if I were already sure of your agreeing to my proposed plan, and perhaps I do count on it. Indeed, you must not refuse. On hearing from you, I shall have the piano at once tuned, and we might have our first lesson on Monday.’

With the letter was enclosed a cheque, and Sir John, in a postscript, apologised for having hitherto forgotten to settle their previous account, and added that he hastened to do so now, lest Mademoiselle Kostolitz might consider him an untrustworthy person, and on that account hesitate to begin fresh dealings with him.

Margot smiled; she knew very well the cheque had not been forgotten; its appearance now proved that her former surmise had been correct. Well, since they were friends again, she

could take it without hesitation or regret ; and, as it happened, at that particular moment it was rather acceptable, for the little exchequer was low.

She read the letter again with a medley of feelings, her face changing meanwhile from grave to gay, and then back again.

Would it be wise to accede to his desire? On the other hand, how could she find it in her heart to refuse? Would it not be strange that she should continue to see Sir John when Valérie was cut off from his society? But then, if Valérie did not really care—— She resolved to let her decide, and placed the letter before her without any comment.

Valérie read it, interrupting herself every now and then with a little laugh.

‘He is funny with his four chaperons! Even you, my Margot, must surely be satisfied with so many precautions! He is certainly an admirable young man; but what does it mean, his blue rose?’

‘Oh, that is nonsense,’ responded Margot with a laugh and a frown at the same time. ‘He asked me yesterday if I would consent to teach him; if he could hit on a plan which would enable me to do so without giving rise to gossip. I replied that this would indeed be finding a blue rose.’

‘And you misapplied the metaphor, my dear,’ said Valérie, who was much more sprightly and like herself to-day. ‘It is a sacrilege to use those beautiful words in so commonplace a sense. Sir John Croft’s singing lessons are very real and substantial things, as the drums of my poor ears occasionally testify—there is nothing about them which conveys the idea of the mysterious charm always, always escaping, which Alphonse Karr speaks of.’

Margot did not answer. There was a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes, which seemed to hint that the charm of which Valérie spoke was not altogether unknown to her. But Valérie was too much preoccupied with her own thoughts to observe it.

‘Sir John is lucky,’ she went on, ‘to find his roses so well within reach. He will gather them, never fear; and they will be nice, solid, red ones, with quite a sufficiency of thorns—always supposing the relations of pupil and teacher to remain the same as before. *Ciel!* how you used to browbeat that poor man! It is my rose, alas!’—with a swift, characteristic change of tone, an overshadowing of the face—‘it is my rose, alas! which is always blue, and which grows so high—so high that I shall never reach it.’

'One day, some lucky chance will lift you up, and then you shall gather it, *ma mie*; and when you have reached it you will find it not blue at all, but snow-white. It only looked blue because it was so near the sky. And when you hold it in your hand, you will perhaps find that it is not a rose after all, but a star—your star, the star of Fame; and it will always be in the ascendant. There! If you want metaphors, I can give them to you, you see; a choice variety, and all prettily mixed!'

She spoke with eager, tender gaiety, anxious to prevent Valérie from falling back into the sadness of yesterday. She succeeded, for her sister began to laugh.

'Really, you have mistaken your vocation; you should have been a poet! Well, to return to Sir John and his exceedingly tangible roses. You will write and tell him that he may at once begin to make his wreath, will you not?'

'You really think I might agree, then?'

'*Mon Dieu!* what else is wanting to you? Is it necessary to have six duennas, *par hasard*? Write and tell him, of course, that his plan is very successful, and that only two of the old ladies need sit in the room at the same time; then they can relieve each other.'

Margot ran away gladly to write her note. On the appointed Monday she betook herself to the house indicated by Sir John, where she found her pupil waiting to receive her and to introduce her to his four cousins. They were gentle, simple, kindly little ladies, all at first presenting the appearance of having been cast in precisely the same mould; an impression so often conveyed by people who for years have lived together and which is so frequently erroneous. These sisters were in reality very dissimilar in mind and habits, and by-and-by Margot began to wonder how she could have imagined the mutual resemblance to be so strong. Thus, Mrs. Elkin, the widow, had been a beauty in her day and a woman of fashion; she still dressed her hair in a jaunty style, and talked about 'Society' with a patronising air, though, as a matter of fact, in consequence of her delicate health she had long ceased to frequent it. Then, Miss Lennox, the eldest unmarried sister, was 'blue,' or what was considered 'blue' forty years ago; probably a Girton girl of the present day would have scoffed at her attainments. Miss Charlotte was artistic, and painted little water-colours four inches square, with the lights scratched out with the point of a fine penknife; she also occasionally played the piano—'Brillants morceaux de Salon'—being exceedingly con-

scientious over the variations. She could sing too in a sweet, weak little voice; but her sisters said it made them sad to hear her, so she only sang when she was alone, and then the tears would roll down her cheeks as she thought over her own private and particular romance, which had been buried years ago. Miss Maria, the youngest, was the practical member of the family; she ordered the dinner and kept the accounts. In her spare time she made poor clothes. None of your jackets and cross-overs in fancy knitting—work which is quite presentable in any drawing-room—but good, thick, serviceable, red flannel petticoats; sometimes garments of a yet more compromising character, fashioned out of strong unbleached calico, which in her sisters' presence she sewed at delicately, under a newspaper, and one of which, when Croft was announced, she thrust precipitately into the waste-paper basket.

All the old ladies greeted Margot very cordially, hovering about her with little gentle bowings and cooings, reminding her somehow of the pigeons which she had seen at Brackenhurst, only that they did not strut with so conceited an air. Still, something about their bright eyes and plump little figures, their nodding heads, their trotings to and fro, the general flutter and bustle over a very small excitement, seemed to justify the simile.

Margot felt rather nervous during this first lesson, and Sir John's attention wandered too; it really was disconcerting to find those four pairs of bright eyes fixed upon them every time one or other chanced to look away from the music; occasionally to intercept a despatch telegraphed by one sister's eyebrows and acknowledged by another's meaning nod; now and then to catch a murmured compliment: 'Who would have thought that dear John had such a beautiful voice?' or 'Is not her teaching admirable?' Miss Charlotte, as the recognised musician, sat well to the front, and considered it necessary to nod in time even to the studies; when the songs were reached, she murmured 'Beautiful!' in an audible voice at intervals of about three minutes, each repetition invariably causing Sir John to sing out of tune. At the conclusion of the lesson, after a little conversation, Margot took her leave, Sir John declaring that he would accompany her as far as the corner of the street to make sure she caught the right omnibus.

When the door closed behind mistress and pupil, each drew a long breath; Sir John leaned for a moment against one of the

columns of the portico, closing his eyes, and letting his arms drop in token of extreme exhaustion.

'I think you were premature in announcing that you intended to enjoy these lessons,' remarked Margot demurely.

'At least you can never again doubt my seriousness,' returned Sir John. 'Dear women! Taken singly they are quite endurable, but *en masse* they are overwhelming. I really must convey to them that we cannot stand more than two of the family at a time. Will two satisfy your ideas of decorum?'

'Well, Valérie said two should be enough for anybody,' returned Margot laughing. The next moment she regretted having spoken, for a quiet gleam of intelligence came into his eyes: the sisters had been discussing the situation, then.

'I think I need not trouble you to come any further,' said Margot a little sharply; adding, however, with a smile, as she saw his face fall, 'indeed, I think I know more about omnibuses than you do.'

It was such an incontestable fact that Sir John did not venture to deny it. He continued to walk beside her nevertheless, remarking that he intended to assist at the selection.

'You need not be in such a hurry,' he added rather irritably; 'it is quite early.'

I must get back to Valérie. Now really, Sir John, I will say good-bye here. What is the good of having four chaperons in the house if we are to dispense with them altogether out of doors?'

The justice of the query was indubitable, but Sir John experienced a little shock of surprise.

'Since when, Mademoiselle Margot,' he said, looking full at her, 'has it occurred to you that you and I need chaperonage? I do not think at the little house in Pitt Street it ever dawned on us that such an article was necessary.'

He had scarcely uttered the words before he regretted them. He saw Margot wince and colour, and realised that almost for the first time in his life he had said a cruel thing. After a short pause, however, she answered very humbly and sweetly:

'You are quite right. I used to be much more independent; but now, I don't know how it is, I seem to feel more and more what an unkind, censorious world we live in.' She held out her hand to say good-bye, and Sir John was obliged to take it and to let it go again before he could find any words with which to explain away his former speech. The girl's figure disappeared round the corner, and the man, left alone, uttered a kind of groan, and struck

the pavement with his foot, to the intense astonishment of a nurse with four children, who happened to be passing by, and who continued their progress for some time with their heads hanging back over their shoulders that they might see what his next proceeding would be. But Sir John walked quietly on now, merely cursing himself in his heart for a brute and a fool.

Margot's cheeks burned hotly all the way home. She, too, was anathematising her own folly, and wondering how she could have been stupid enough to make the speech which Sir John had taken up so quickly. No wonder he thought her silly and prudish; and besides, in their relative positions, it was absurd. Well, he had speedily put her in her place; she had not shown anger, but her heart was sore. He had never used that tone before, and it hurt her. It required a very great effort of will to enable her to talk cheerfully to Valérie, and to describe with the gaiety that was expected of her, her interview with the four chaperons.

When the next lesson day came, only two of the Misses Lennox were in the drawing-room; Mrs. Elkin was suffering from rheumatism and confined to her room, and the scientific sister had gone to a lecture. Miss Maria was, however, seated in the window, working at one of the garments already described, or at least a very small portion of the same, the rest being modestly tucked away in her work-bag. By revealing only three inches at a time of her mysterious handiwork, the proprieties, Miss Maria considered, could not be offended; not even the penetrating eye of John Croft could form a guess as to the whole. Miss Charlotte was installed at another window, painting, with a very small brush and hardly any water, a tiny landscape destined to be a birthday card. The lesson began, Margot being very quiet, and not speaking more than was necessary. Sir John eyed her surreptitiously, and ardently wished that his cousins would go out of the room. Whether his power of volition was strong enough to take effect on the ladies in question, or whether the heavens were moved by the turmoil in his heart, is uncertain, but presently Miss Maria discovered that the constant twisting and turning consequent on her mode of operation had reduced her work to such hopeless confusion that it was absolutely impossible to proceed with it, until it had been disentangled in a spot secure from the masculine eye. She rose, therefore, announcing that she was going to another room for a few minutes, but would be back presently.

'Pray don't let me be a tie on you,' said her cousin eagerly. 'Neither Mademoiselle Kostolitz nor myself expect to be enter-



tained. We have come here for business, and we don't want to be in anybody's way.'

'Oh,' said Miss Maria, pausing to contemplate him with her head on one side, 'it is very kind of you, I am sure, John, and it isn't a tie at all; it is a pleasure. Only I *am* rather busy to-day, and if you really don't mind, I think I will go on with my cutting out. You are quite sure you don't think me very rude, Mademoiselle Kostolitz?'

Mademoiselle Kostolitz was necessarily sure, and the little lady trotted out very much relieved.

John thereupon turned to the other cousin, in whose eyes he thought he detected a mute appeal.

'I hope, Charlotte,' he said suavely, 'that we are not keeping *you* from doing anything you want to do? We don't wish to be a nuisance, you know; do we, mademoiselle?' turning to Margot.

'Well, really, my dear John,' responded Charlotte with delighted alacrity, 'since you ask me I must tell you that I find my cobalt-blue is curdled; it is ruining my sky. I *must* run out and buy another cake. That is to say, if you really and truly won't think it very queer and impolite of me not to stay at home and entertain you.'

Being reassured, the second little pigeon fluttered out cooing all the way.

Margot resumed the accompaniment of Sir John's song, scarcely lifting her eyes from the keys. She felt ill at ease and unhappy. She had been uncomfortable enough while the old ladies had been in the room, but she was far more uncomfortable now. Sir John plodded valiantly through the first bars of his song, but broke off presently.

'Mademoiselle Margot, are you displeased with me for allowing my cousins to go?'

'No; you were doubtless quite right since they so evidently wished it,' replied she, still without raising her eyes.

'You are annoyed about something, though; do not pretend you are not.'

'I don't think I am annoyed,' said Margot, adding quickly and inconsequently, 'Perhaps I am annoyed with myself.' Then she went on playing. 'Shall we begin at the top of the page?'

Sir John did not respond to the invitation. Thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, he remarked gloomily, 'I am sure



you never need feel annoyed with yourself. It is only tactless, blundering, stupid idiots like me who need be that.'

Margot could not help smiling at the array of adjectives. She went on playing tentatively, but her pupil did not heed.

'I felt savage enough with myself yesterday, I know,' he proceeded. 'I could have knocked my own head off after I left you.'

Margot's face was turned away, but he could see the rim of her cheeks even the little ear nearest to him, growing crimson.

'I know I hurt you yesterday,' he continued penitently; 'but I really did not mean it; I assure you I did not. I felt for a moment vexed at your holding yourself aloof from me—I wanted things to be on the old footing. I did not consider what I said, nor how I said it; but do believe me, Mademoiselle Margot, I would not for the world intentionally wound you.'

Margot's head was still averted, and her fingers continued to press the keys, but soundlessly.

'The old footing!' she said in a low voice. 'Somehow—I don't know why—I cannot feel as if things could ever go back to the old footing again.'

There was an eager query in Sir John's face, but he did not speak. He, too, was conscious that his relations with Margot were changed, and, though he had complained yesterday, it seemed to him to-day that he would not now willingly exchange the present for the past.

'I feel it is very ridiculous of me to say so,' continued Margot in an altered tone; 'that is why I am vexed with myself. Because I know it is silly and unreasonable of me—it is really absurd to have punctilious notions about myself. For Valérie it is of course different. I cannot be too particular, too careful about her; but to be nervous lest people might say unkind things about *me* is very silly. I do nothing that I need be ashamed of. I must be self-reliant and independent if I am to earn my own bread and Valérie's. I have had to make my own way in the world, to rely only on myself, for quite ten years—ever since my mother died, and no harm has ever come to me; no one has ever criticised my conduct unkindly.'

She dropped her hand from the piano, and looked up almost defiantly; but something in Croft's face made her look away again very quickly.

'Poor little bread-winner!' he said softly. 'So for ten years

you have had the weight of the world on your shoulders! Why, you must have been only a child when your mother died.'

'I was thirteen,' said Margot. 'Oh, I could not do much at first, but I soon learned. I had to look after everything; to act and think for us all. I made many blunders, but experience teaches one.'

'And what was your father about all that time?' inquired Sir John indignantly.

'Oh, he—he earned some money sometimes; naturally at that age it was not I who supported the family! He could play most beautifully; it is from him that Valérie inherits her genius. He also taught us, to begin with. He had a feeling for music that was extraordinary, but he made nothing of his talent. He—— Oh, I think I would rather not talk about my father; after all, he is dead.'

Sir John mentally registered his deep satisfaction at the fact. 'He must have been a beauty,' he thought, but all he said aloud was: 'He must at least have been very proud of Mademoiselle Valérie. Did he not form some plan for her artistic *début*?''

'Oh, yes; he used to make plans, wild plans, which never came to anything. But even before he died I felt that the responsibility of producing my sister rested with me.' She spoke so seriously that Croft did not feel inclined to smile at the quaint phrase. 'But the misfortune is I have not till now been able to manage it. I do not know now how to set about it.'

'Why does not your sister give a concert?' inquired Croft. 'The idea struck me yesterday. Why not take a hall, advertise a little, and let her give a recital? I believe people would go, if only from curiosity, and if she were once heard, her success would be assured.'

'*Tenez!* that is an idea!' cried Margot. 'We might take the Steinway Hall. 'I wonder whether it would be very expensive?' she added reflectively.

'I will make inquiries, if you like,' said Croft. 'Look here, I will find out all about it—shall I?—and let you know. It would be a venture, of course, but then, "Nothing venture, nothing have."'

Margot did not answer. She was engaged in a quick mental calculation of the means at her disposal. There was a little sum in the savings-bank which had been hoarded for emergencies. Presumably a sufficient number of tickets would be sold to cover

expenses, but even if the worst came to the worst, they might make up the deficit from this fund. At all events, it was worth trying.

'Shall I make inquiries?' repeated Sir John.

'Oh, yes,' said Margot, recalled to herself with a start. 'I should be most grateful if you would. I really think we might do it, and the mere thought of it will give new life to Valérie. But now we must positively continue our lesson,' assuming a business-like tone. 'Begin at the top of the page, please, and remember the change of key down here.'

For the moment she was the old Margot again, eager and a little imperative; she had forgotten her lately found shyness and constraint. Croft was amused and pleased at her brightness; yet, after all, the shy Margot, the Margot who now and then spoke so tremulously, and whose eyes so often drooped before his, had been very charming and lovable. But he did not regret her temporary absence, for he knew that she would soon reappear.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### ALLEGRO AGITATO.

'REALLY, he has ideas,' cried Valérie. She was sitting on the hearthrug at her sister's feet, her face flushed and excited, her eyes bright with eagerness. Croft's plan had just been laid before her. 'He has more sense than one would give him credit for. He has a good head as well as a good heart, this Sir John.'

Margot smiled. Sometimes the rather slighting tone in which Valérie spoke of their friend jarred on her. She knew her sister so well that her changes of mood did not puzzle her, and she quite realised that now that Valérie no longer saw John Croft, and could, in consequence no longer be amused by him, his personality ceased to have the charm for her which she had formerly frankly acknowledged; but, nevertheless, her little ironical allusions to him had invariably ruffled Margot, though she had never allowed her irritation to appear. To-day he had made a suggestion which Valérie thought good, and she therefore considered him clever; to-morrow he would probably be out of favour again. Margot was perfectly aware of the possibility, but she was inconsistent enough to feel pleased that his star was for the time in the ascendant. 'It was very kind of him, was it not?' she said warmly.

‘H’m, h’m—as to that, I imagine the young man finds it amusing to meddle a little in other people’s affairs. Do you not think so, Margot? Directly we knew him he seemed in a manner to take possession of us. He was always suggesting this, arranging that—giving valuable advice in matters of which he knew nothing, the poor dear fellow! I wonder if he is like that with everyone.’

To Margot the idea was distinctly unpleasant, and she responded with a good deal of indignation. ‘You talk as if Sir John were a kind of busybody, interfering in other people’s business out of idle curiosity or meddlesomeness. If he has, as you say, taken possession of us, it is, as anybody can see, out of pure kindness of heart. He saw that we were poor, and he tried to help us. He saw that we had no one to protect us, and he has tried to be our friend.’

‘Ho! ho!’ said Valérie, with a little mocking air. ‘*Tu y vas, ma petite!* We have changed our tone of late, I see. We no longer look upon Sir John as the naughty man, the contemptible *flâneur* who betrayed our youthful confidence and took advantage of our——’

‘Ah, Valérie, do not torment me so! You know as well as I do how much I have regretted those unjust suspicions of mine.’

‘*Tiens!* what little hot cheeks! No, no, I will not tease you—particularly as I am in a very good humour myself, and quite adore Sir John this morning. It is lucky he no longer comes to the house, for, in truth, I believe if I were to see him now I should be capable of embracing him on his two cheeks. There!—now you are scandalised, are you not? *C’est égal.* I adore Sir John, I tell you. He is a young man, wise, good, and clever beyond comparison; and, thanks to his happy idea, we are going to make such a success, Margot! Only think, to-day no one knows of our existence, and before a month has passed all London will be at my feet perhaps! Think of that, Margot!—think of that!’

Jumping to her feet, she began dancing about the room, pirouetting among the tables and chairs, and singing for glee.

Margot looked on, with dewy, happy eyes. To her, too, it seemed that the moment of triumph must be near at hand. Surely, when people saw her Valérie, they must be captivated by her beauty, her grace, her charm; and then when they heard her play, when they discovered the great artist-soul in that delicate, exquisite body, how could there fail to be a very furore of

enthusiasm! Her heart swelled within her; it seemed to sing to itself a canticle of praise and blessing all in honour of Sir John.

Meanwhile that young man was very busy, and when he next met Margot at his cousins' house he came primed and loaded with all necessary information. The sum required for the hire of the hall was considerable enough to make Margot look very grave, and, added to this, there would be the advertisements to be paid for and other incidental expenses.

'I wonder,' she said, looking doubtfully and appealingly at Croft, 'if we really ought to do it? It seems a great deal to risk, and if—if it fails, what shall we do?'

'It cannot fail,' said Sir John eagerly; he had matured a little plan of his own by means of which he meant to insure the sisters against all possible loss. 'If you do not take some such step I do not see how, under the circumstances, you are ever to get on. At all events, your progress will, I am afraid, be slow and uncertain; whereas this one bold stroke might bring you fame and prosperity at once.'

Margot gazed at him thoughtfully. 'Yes, it is true,' she said; 'and Valérie would be so terribly disappointed if we gave up the idea now. But still, is it right to venture so much for an uncertainty? Do you really advise me to carry out the plan?'

'Most certainly I do,' replied Sir John, with prompt and joyous decision. He himself felt absolutely confident of Valérie's success, and in any case he was determined to provide against the possibility of pecuniary loss.

'Then we will look upon the matter as settled,' said the girl, walking towards the piano. As she opened the music she added, hurriedly and wistfully, 'I am sure you would not be so urgent in advising me if it were not really wise and safe.'

'I am quite positive that you are doing the right thing,' said Croft soberly, but quite as resolutely as before. He felt that a great weight of responsibility rested upon him, but he would not shrink from it. He meant to carry the thing through. After the first preliminaries had been arranged, the day definitely fixed for the concert, the advertisements sent out, and tickets actually on sale, he proceeded to put his plan into execution. It was a very simple one, and very characteristic of the originator in its single-hearted if somewhat indiscreet zeal and generosity. He meant to pay out of his own pocket for a sufficient number of tickets to cover all expenses; these he would

distribute among his friends, thereby securing to the sisters a considerable number of well-dressed and appreciative hearers, whose presence would confer distinction on the affair, and whose interest, once enlisted, might possibly procure for Valérie further advantages in the future. Thus indemnified from loss, the money taken for tickets sold in the ordinary way would be all clear gain to the sisters. No possible harm could, therefore, Sir John consider, result from this step, which must in every way tend to their advancement. He had felt himself, in consequence, quite justified in advising it, and had no qualms in reflecting on his urgency. He used all discretion in putting the project into execution, buying the tickets here and there, a few at a time, and sending Sturgess as his emissary when he found it necessary to get several at the same place. He thought it a bold stroke of policy to secure front seats for his friends. It seemed to him that these smart people would look well in prominent positions; besides, they themselves would like it, he felt sure.

It never occurred to him that there might be difficulty in filling the places he had taken such pains to engage. Everybody liked music—more or less; everybody liked a novelty, and everybody that Sir John knew liked *him*; therefore it was not conceivable that, when he sent his friends free tickets for a concert at a time of year when they were presumably not overburdened with engagements, and when he told them of the youthful charm of the new violinist, and asked their patronage as a favour to himself, it was not possible, he thought, that the friends in question should fail to accede with alacrity to his request.

He was a little chilled, however, by the attitude assumed by the first lady to whom he made known his wishes. He had always considered her a special ally of his; he dined at her house, on an average, four or five times in a season; she invited him to all her balls, and sent him cards for other people's. In return he danced with her daughters when he found it convenient to be present at these festivities, and wrote polite little notes when he would rather go anywhere else; facts which denoted him to be rather a punctilious young man, and in some respects quite behind the times.

Therefore when he intimated to Mrs. Marjoribanks that he intended to send her some tickets for Mademoiselle Kostolitz's concert, it was rather with the air of one bestowing a favour than hoping to receive one. But Mrs. Marjoribanks drew herself up in a way which rather disconcerted him.



'Mademoiselle Kostolitz,' she remarked stiffly, 'who is Mademoiselle Kostolitz, may I ask?'

'She is the latest novelty,' responded Sir John; 'in fact, she is so very exceedingly new, that no one has even heard of her as yet. But after this concert you will hear a great deal about her, if I am not mistaken.'

The eldest Miss Marjoribanks looked at her mother; the second Miss Marjoribanks looked at Sir John—then she looked away again. He began to feel uncomfortable. Mrs. Marjoribanks leaned back a little further in her arm-chair and considered him for a moment from beneath her drooped eyelids; then she inquired quietly: 'And how did *you* come to hear of her, Sir John?'

'Oh, I met her at Brackenhurst last summer,' he replied, annoyed to feel himself reddening.

Mrs. Marjoribanks again exchanged glances with her eldest daughter.

'I thought it was probably the same,' she said composedly turning to him again. 'You see a good deal of her, don't you?'

'Her sister gives me singing lessons,' returned Croft, almost sharply.

'Singing lessons!' said Mrs. Marjoribanks, sitting upright; then she laughed, her daughters joining in her merriment.

'How funny!' they said.

'To think that all this time, all the years we have known you, you have been hiding your gift from us,' cried one.

'We never suspected you of being in the least musical,' said the other.

'One lives and learns, you see,' remarked Croft, calmly; 'till now I have been the little bird who could sing and wouldn't sing.'

'And now Mademoiselle—what is her name?—Carlowitz, she is making you sing, is she?' rejoined the mother with rather acrid humour.

'In course of time I hope she will,' said Sir John. 'When one begins to go to school at my time of life, one does not attain perfection in a minute. Well, I will send you the tickets, and if any of your friends would like to go too, I will let you have some more.'

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Marjoribanks, looking very much astonished, while the youngest damsel, who was exceedingly up

to date, remarked flippantly that Sir John was evidently running the show.

'They don't know very many people in London, you see,' he said seriously. 'So I thought I would help to dispose of a few tickets for them.'

'I understood,' said Mrs. Marjoribanks with lazy impertinence, 'that these tickets were to be presented to us. May I ask, are we to be indebted for them to you, or to Mademoiselle Carlowitz?'

'When I make an offering to my friends, I generally consider that they are indebted to me,' said Croft, still coolly, though he was beginning to feel angry.

'How generous of you! And you not only make the offering to me, but to my friends! You appear to have an unlimited number of tickets at your disposal.'

'*Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*,' said Croft lightly. 'The fact is, I want the right sort of people to go to this concert, as it is the first one—you know so much depends on a good start, does it not? Now, if you were really nice, Mrs. Marjoribanks, you would get a few of your friends to go.'

'Thanks for the implied compliment. But it is very cold for concert-going, isn't it? Is your Mademoiselle—whatever her name is—going to have any one to support her—any other musician I mean?'

'Mademoiselle Kostolitz will be accompanied by her sister, who plays the piano beautifully.'

There was another little murmur of laughter from the girls.

'Sir John knows all about music now,' said one.

'I think,' repeated Mrs. Marjoribanks, with languid amusement, 'it is too cold for concerts, and a violin recital is apt to be a wearisome thing unless the player is really very, very good. No, thanks, Sir John, I don't think I will take the tickets; if I did I probably should not use them, and then you would be vexed. It is better to be honest, isn't it?'

Croft stayed a few moments longer, talking on indifferent subjects that his annoyance might not be too evident; and then he went away.

That same afternoon he came across a sprightly young friend of his, who wrote for the 'Society' papers, and the idea flashed across him that if he could secure this man's kind offices for his friends the gain to them would possibly be great. Meanwhile the

young journalist was inquiring with some surprise how it was that Sir John was not in Paris.

'Paris!' echoed Croft vaguely. He had forgotten all about the intended trip to which his chance meeting with Margot had put an end.

'The last time I saw you,' resumed the other, 'you told me you were going there for some time.'

'Oh yes,' said Sir John; 'yes, I did mean to go, and then I didn't.'

'Oh,' said his friend looking curiously at him, and struck with a certain air of subdued excitement which was perceptible in tone and manner.

'Look here,' went on Croft quickly; 'you can do me a good turn if you like. I wish you would. Some friends of mine are giving a concert next week. You may have seen it advertised—Mademoiselle Kostolitz's recital at the Steinway Hall. I wish you would announce it with a little flourish of trumpets in some of your various papers; and if you go, and write of it afterwards, it will be still better.'

'Oh,' said the young journalist again. 'Who is Mademoiselle Kostolitz? New importation?'

'Well, she has been for some months in England, but this is the first time she appears in public. She is quite young—just eighteen—and a very pretty, taking creature. You will be pleased if you go.'

He felt a certain sense of disloyalty in speaking thus of Margot's sister to a stranger, but he was most anxious to secure the man's influence. 'There will be a ticket sent you, of course, if you will use it,' he persisted.

'All right,' returned the other, who seemed much amused. 'Well, I will turn up, if I am not due anywhere else. Friend of yours, is she?'

'Well, perhaps I should say an acquaintance. Her sister gives me singing lessons. They do not know many people, and so I am interested in them.'

'Oh yes,' said the journalist, laughing in an odd way, which Sir John thought quite uncalled for. 'All right, old chap, I'll set about blowing the trumpet at once, and I'll turn up if I can.'

Croft went back to his rooms, feeling exasperated and dispirited. He was going to have more bother about those tickets than he had anticipated; he thought he would not again try to offer them in person. That night, accordingly, he despatched

several notes, offering the tickets in an off-hand way to certain of his friends, and casually mentioning that he was interested in the lady in question, and would be pleased if they would patronise her performance.

Fresh disappointment awaited him here; some of his notes remained unanswered, while the replies he did receive were eminently unsatisfactory. One or two people returned the tickets, others were not sure of being able to go; no one seemed pleased or cordial. Sir John could not make it out. He resolved to call on the lady at whose house Valérie had once played; she at least knew what her capabilities were, and would be able to help him in the matter. He must in some way have blundered, that all his overtures should be thus repulsed. On the morning on which he formed this determination he received a letter from Lady Mary Bracken, telling him that she was in town on business, and wished particularly to see him on a most important matter. 'Something about the district nurse,' he thought impatiently; but he was pleased all the same. He would enlist his aunt in the cause of his friends. He was now beginning to feel seriously uneasy. Supposing he was not able to dispose of these wretched tickets, and that Valérie on her *début* found, instead of the fashionable throng by which he had meant to add importance to the assembly, merely numbers of empty places! Margot had spoken to him only a few days before with great glee of the rapid sale of the tickets.

'Already,' she had said joyously, 'we have sold more than enough to pay for the Hall—think of that! I was so afraid at first, not merely for the sake of the money, but because it is so important for Valérie that this first concert should be well attended; she would be dreadfully discouraged if she saw empty benches.'

A cold shiver of horror came over Sir John whenever he recollected these words; what if he were unable to fill those empty places he knew of! Now the thought of Lady Mary's advent came as a relief.

His first call, however, that afternoon was on his other friend; he expected great things of her, she was a shrewd and clever woman, well versed in the ways of the world, exceedingly popular, and very fond of Sir John, whom she had known intimately since their childhood.

She received him with great cordiality; but, when he made known his errand, laughed in his face.

'What!' she cried, 'the eternal Kostolitz?'

'What do you mean by that?' inquired Sir John. He was

standing with his back to the chimney-piece and looked down upon her with angry eyes.

She smiled at him tolerantly, and pointed to a low chair near her.

'Sit down, John,' she said, 'I want to talk to you. You are just the same Don Quixote as in the old days, when you used to reprimand my governess if you thought her unjust to me; you meant so well, my poor dear fellow, but she used to be ever so much crosser to me afterwards. Do you see the moral I am trying to point? You want to help these pretty little musicians, and you are simply doing them harm—you are making them ridiculous.'

Croft did not answer, though the expression of his face would have startled his friend, had she looked at him; but, conscious that her remark must be disagreeable to him, she was contemplating, while speaking, the embroidered tips of her pretty shoes.

'You know,' she continued in almost coaxing tones, 'nobody can help laughing when they hear of your suddenly developed enthusiasm in musical matters; you, who never pretended to know one note from another? Except in a hunting chorus, I don't suppose anyone has ever heard your voice; therefore when at thirty-two you begin to take singing lessons, when you devote yourself to the interests of a pretty young violinist of the female sex, constitute yourself her cicerone, try to hunt up pupils for her, beg for invitations for her, and finally wander about from door to door—a sort of musical bagman—imploping people to take tickets for her concert; well, you know, my dear John, it really is a little absurd! I assure you I have been in at least six houses lately where everybody was talking about it. You went about the business in such a wholesale way, you see, people can't help laughing. If it had been anybody but you, every one would think the business a little *queer*—I dare say even as it is some people do—but those who know you as I do'—she looked at him suddenly with kindly twinkling eyes—'to be an honest, well-meaning, and conscientious sort of person, well, they only laugh and wonder who is this girl that Sir John Croft is so crazy about? She can't be much of a musician, or he wouldn't be working so hard to scrape together an audience for her. People are ill-natured, my dear John, and that is what they say.'

She looked at him now, laughing lightly, but the laugh died away when she saw the pained gravity of his face. Margot's words, spoken on two occasions, returned to him now: 'You are

making us a laughing-stock;’ and then again: ‘The world is an unkind, censorious place.’

‘Now you are vexed,’ said his friend.

‘No; I am only thinking it is a pity one cannot be sometimes a little kind and good-natured without being considered either a knave or a fool. I begin to think I have been a fool, though.’

He uttered this afterthought in a tone of such boyish dismay that the pretty woman by his side was forcibly reminded of the playfellow of former days. Leaning forward, she tapped his hand with the freedom of old times.

‘Don’t look so woe-begone! Come, you had better tell me all about it. Are you in love with Valérie Kostolitz?’

‘In love with Valérie!’ He laughed with such genuine amusement that his friend was reassured; then, becoming serious again, he made full confession to this sympathetic hearer of his somewhat rash advice to the sisters Kostolitz with reference to the concert, and the still rasher project by which he had sought to guarantee them against all loss.

‘Well, it certainly was the wildest idea,’ she said, laughing. ‘But never mind; since they run no real risk, and will get their money back in any case, there will be no harm done after all. If you like to spend your money in that way, you can certainly afford it.’

‘But I want the venture to be successful,’ urged Croft miserably. ‘They have built so much on it, and if the Hall is not full they will be so disappointed.’

‘Well, *you* won’t fill it for them; you needn’t hope to do so. I will do what I can to pass on some of these terrible tickets, but I don’t promise much. When your friend’s fame is established people will flock to hear her, no doubt; but now, my dear John, if they are not inclined to come I can’t make them.’

‘They were glad enough to listen to her here,’ he said gloomily.

‘Yes; that was a different matter. If I can get at any of the really musical people who were here that night I might persuade them, perhaps; but I assure you they are few and far between. Half the good folks who applauded her so vigorously knew as much about music as—well, as I should have said *you* did, John, before I was aware of your hidden talent.’

This was said with such a charmingly impertinent smile that he could not resent it; but he went away little comforted.

Lady Mary was now his last hope. He found her in the



library of her large, comfortable house in Cadogan Place—a room which, however, looked dismal enough to-day, the books being still tucked away under their winter coverings and the furniture in the pinafores generally only assumed during their owner's absence.

'I told them they need not unpack the things,' she explained; 'I am only here for a few days on business. Yes, my dear John, I have had great disappointments. My "Mothers' Training Guild" has turned out a dead failure!'

Sir John sat down beside her on a holland-covered sofa, assuming an expression of due concern.

'What! Won't the mothers allow themselves to be trained?' he inquired.

'I don't know how it is,' responded Lady Mary disconsolately, 'they don't seem to want to come any more now. I had just got it all into such nice working order; the subscriptions were merely nominal, John, and I had arranged that anyone who wished it could bring their own food and be taught to cook it properly; but the idea does not seem to take, somehow. And the worst of it is those who did go through a course of training don't seem to put it into practice. I found Mrs. Miggins giving her husband coffee the other day that was simply disgraceful—almost as thick as gruel. Just boiled in a saucepan and poured out, grounds and all; and she had been taught to do it so beautifully—to clear it with an egg, you know, when there is not a proper coffee pot. But there is no use arguing with such people; she said she could not spare the egg, and that Miggins thought the grounds gave the coffee a kind of richness.'

John laughed, but Lady Mary remained very serious. Her bonnet had slipped even more than usual to the back of her head, and she looked generally dilapidated and despondent.

'Here I am, left with this great building on my hands,' she continued. 'I have such a plan, such a lovely plan, if I could only make it work. I thought of instituting a "Haven for Aged Respectable Married Paupers." It always wrings my heart to think of the poor old people obliged to go to the workhouse after living honestly and respectably for fifty or sixty years. I always think it is so cruel, so unjust that they should have no home life. Don't you, John?'

Tears were actually standing in her eyes; there could be no doubt of the sincerity of her compassion. He acquiesced warmly, and she went on with enthusiasm:

'I thought, you know, when any really deserving case of the kind came under the notice of the Board of Guardians they could just send it on to me. I dare say in time the Haven might be made to pay—the old men could chop wood, perhaps, and the women could knit or something; but the thing would be to make a start. You see, I have actually no funds at my disposal now. In fact, the winding up of the Training Guild affairs left me more or less in debt; and so I have been thinking——'

Whatever Lady Mary's charitable plans might have been, Sir John was not destined to hear them that day, for he gave a sudden turn to the conversation by inquiring:

'Are you thinking of giving another concert?'

His aunt's face changed. Energetically seizing her bonnet, she settled it firmly on her head, and seemed to prepare herself for business.

'John,' she said seriously, 'that just reminds me. I want to talk to you. I sent for you. It is very important. In fact, I have been quite put out. John, what have you been doing with that little fiddling girl?'

'I have been trying to get people to take tickets for her concert,' he returned dolorously, confessing the trouble at that moment uppermost in his mind.

'And do you drive about with her in hansoms, like Nicholas Nickleby and the Phenomenon? I always thought that such a ridiculous bit. Do you remember the blue gauze trousers and the green parasol?' Herewith Lady Mary's face relaxed, and she laughed, wrinkling up her nose with genuine enjoyment. 'Yes, yes, the Phenomenon and Miss Snellicci. Dear, dear, how absurd! But really, John, I don't think it is quite the right thing for you to do.'

'My dear aunt,' said Croft, laughing too, but inwardly annoyed, 'I took Mademoiselle Kostolitz once to a concert, because her sister couldn't go with her. I am trying to dispose of a few tickets for them now, without their knowledge even, because they are poor and don't know many people. After all, why may not I try to do a little good in my own way? You like village mothers and aged paupers. I like to give a helping hand to young musicians.'

'Well, to be sure, that is true! Yes. All the same, you know, my dear boy, people won't look at it in that light. They'll think you are—well—what the village people would call "carrying on" with Miss Kostolitz, and really, as you met the poor little

girl at my house, I consider myself to a certain extent responsible, and so that's why I sent for you. It doesn't do, you know; it really doesn't. You can't mix yourself up in other people's affairs, particularly girls', without people thinking there is some reason for it. Now, take my advice, and leave that girl alone.'

Sir John was much annoyed, but endeavoured to disguise the fact, replying calmly: 'I assure you, Aunt Mary, Mademoiselle Kostolitz and I have no evil designs on each other. Now listen, let us make a bargain. If you will get twenty people to go to her concert, I will give you twenty pounds for your Paupers' Haven. I'll send you the tickets, free tickets, of course, so you will have no trouble about it. Now do.'

'Twenty pounds! Really, John, you are generous; but it is a true charity, I assure you. It is the most piteous thing to see the poor old folk vegetating in the workhouse. I have often cried about it; and old Betty Slowcome told me that though she and her husband were almost starving, they would rather live without a crust than go to the House.'

'I am very sorry for them,' said Sir John. 'But a bargain's a bargain. You must get me my twenty people before I give you your twenty pounds; and look here, you mustn't say anything about *me*, of course. You can say you are doing it because you are interested in Mademoiselle Kostolitz. After all, you did have her at Brackenhurst, so it will seem quite natural. You'll set to work to-morrow, won't you?'

'To-morrow,' said Lady Mary meditatively; 'I was thinking of going to Whitechapel for a long day. There is an institution there——'

'Oh, hang the institution! Think of my empty places. Now, aunt, you'll do it, won't you? You really will do your best. You won't go frittering away your time in slumming, and that sort of thing? You'll promise me to hunt up as many of your friends as you can?'

His aunt looked at his eager excited face in displeased astonishment.

'My paupers are certainly deserving of every help,' she observed, after a pause. 'In this case the end justifies the means; but I don't like the business, John, and I don't understand you. There is something behind it—you needn't pretend there isn't.'

She fixed her sharp eyes on him for a minute, and then continued deliberately: 'If it isn't one sister it is the other. I

believe it *is* the other. I myself liked her the better of the two, and, now that I think of it, you told me you did too, and, of course, she's the one who gives lessons. Well, she's a nice little thing, and if you get her talked about you'll be sorry. There, go away now, I have got letters to write. I'll do what I can about this tiresome concert, and I'll go—yes, I will go; but if you take my advice you will keep away. There, go off now.'

'All right,' said her nephew, 'I am going.'

He sought his hat and stick with an apparent leisureliness, ill suited to the turmoil of his thoughts, then kissed his aunt lightly on the forehead, and went out of the room, Lady Mary calling after him that he must open the door for himself, as there were so few servants in the house. While he lit his cigarette in the hall he remarked to himself: 'It is all very well to say "leave her alone." The question is, Can I?'

(To be continued.)

•

## Angelo's 'Reminiscences.'

IN the year 175— (it is not possible to fix the date more precisely) there was what would now be called a public assault of arms at one of the great hotels of pre-revolutionary Paris. Among the amateurs who took part in it—for there were amateurs as well as professionals—was a *protégé* of the Duke de Nivernais, that amiable and courteous nobleman who subsequently visited this country, at the close of the Seven Years' War, in the character of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV. The stranger was of a graceful figure and address, and no sooner had his name been announced than an English lady, who was then visiting the French capital, and who was possessed of great vivacity and considerable personal attractions, stepped forward and presented him with a small bunch of roses. He received it with becoming gallantry, fastened it carefully on his left breast, and forthwith declared that he would defend it against all comers. What is more, he kept his promise. He afterwards 'fenced with several of the first masters, not one of whom,' says the narrator of the story, 'could disturb a single leaf of the *bouquet*.' The lady was the celebrated Mrs. Margaret Woffington, then in the prime of her fame as a beauty and an actress; the gentleman was an Italian, travelling for his pleasure. He was the son of a well-to-do merchant at Leghorn, and he was called Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo.

Shortly after the foregoing incident, Signor Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo ('I love,' says Goldsmith of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, 'to give the whole name!') transported his foil and his good looks to this country. In addition to his proficiency as a fencer, he was 'a master of equitation,' having been a pupil of the then famous scientific horseman, Teillagory<sup>1</sup> the elder. These were accomplishments which speedily procured for him both popularity and patrons in London. He became in a

<sup>1</sup> Here and elsewhere we take leave to correct Angelo's spelling.

few months *écuyer* to Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke, who was not only a most accomplished cavalier himself, but then, or soon to be, lieutenant-colonel of Elliot's Light Horse, a crack dragoon regiment—which, by the way, numbered among its corporals the future Astley of the Westminster Bridge Road amphitheatre. Lord Pembroke had private *mandes* both in the neighbourhood of his house in Whitehall Gardens (part of the present No. 7), and at his family seat of Wilton, near Salisbury. At first his *écuyer* confined himself to teaching riding; but a chance encounter at the Thatched House tavern with Dr. Keys, a well-known Irish fencer, in which he vanquished his antagonist, determined his choice of the calling of a *maître d'armes*. His first pupil was the Duke of Devonshire. Later he was engaged by the Princess of Wales to instruct the young princes in horsemanship and the use of the small sword, for which purposes premises were provided in Leicester Fields, within two doors from Hogarth's dwelling in the east corner. Before many years were over, however, Dominico Angelo—for he seems to have discarded first one and then the other of his last two names—set up a riding school of his own in Soho. But previously to all this, and apparently not long after his arrival in London, he had fallen in love with, and taken to wife, the daughter of an English naval officer. Judging from the picture of her which Reynolds painted in 1766, the bride (who was a minor) must have been as handsome as her husband. The marriage took place in February 1755, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the register of which duly records the union, by licence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of Dominico Angelo Malevolti, bachelor, and Elizabeth Johnson, spinster. The pair had a son, the Henry Angelo from whose disorganised and gossiping *Reminiscences*<sup>1</sup> most of the foregoing particulars are derived.

Henry, or Harry Angelo, as he was called, is not explicit as to the date of his birth, which probably took place at the end of 1755 or the beginning of 1756. Being an only son, he was, almost of necessity, a spoiled one. It seems at first to have been intended that he should enter the Navy; and, as a matter of fact, he was actually enrolled by Captain Augustus Hervey (Lady Hervey's second son) on the books of the *Dragon* man-of-war in the capacity of midshipman, thereby becoming entitled, at an extremely early age, to some twenty-five guineas prize money. After a short

<sup>1</sup> *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends.* 2 vols. London: Colburn & Bentley, 1830.



period under Dr. Rose of Chiswick, the translator of Sallust, he went to Eton, where his father taught fencing; and at Eton he remained for some years. Two of his school-fellows were Nathan and Carrington Garrick, the actor's nephews; and young Angelo had pleasant memories of their uncle's visits to Eton, where, being a friend of the elder Angelo, he would regale all three boys sumptuously at the Christopher inn, and amuse them with quips and recitations. Harry Angelo had even the good fortune, while at Eton, to be taken to that solemn tomfoolery, the Stratford Jubilee of 1769, in which his father combined the part of Mark Antony with that of director of fireworks. Another occasional visitor to the school, magnificently frogged and braided after the fashion of his kind, was the Italian quack Dominicetti, also a family friend, who treated the boys royally. But perhaps the most interesting memories of young Angelo's Eton days are those which recall a holiday visit to Amesbury with his father and mother, as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. In his old age he could still recall the tall, thin figure of the taciturn Duke, in high leather gaiters, short-skirted frock, and gold-laced hat; and he well remembered the Duchess, then nearly eighty, but still garrulous and vivacious, in a Quaker coloured silk and black hood. He was also allowed, like Gay before him, to fish for carp in the Amesbury water.

When he was entering his seventeenth year, Henry Angelo was sent to Paris to learn French. He was placed *en pension* in the Rue Poupé with a M. Boileau, a half-starved *maître de langue*, who, since he is seriously likened by his pupil to the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, must really have resembled the typical Frenchman as depicted by Smollett and Rowlandson. He was a conscientious teacher, but a miserable caterer; and young Angelo, after narrowly escaping collapse from starvation and close confinement, was ultimately removed from his care. He passed, in the first instance, to a M. Liviez, whose wife was English, and, in spite of an undeniable squint, of a shape sufficiently elegant to have actually served as the model for Roubillac's famous figure of Eloquence on the Argyll tomb at Westminster Abbey. M. Liviez had been a dancer and ballet master at Drury Lane. He was now a *bon vivant*, who collected prints. He was also subject to fits of hypochondria, probably caused by over-eating, when he would fancy himself Apollo, and fiddle feverishly to the nine Muses, typified by a circle of chairs. As both he and his wife preferred to speak English, they made no pretence to teach their lodger

French; but, from the point of commissariat, the change from the Rue Poupé to the Rue Battois was 'removal from Purgatory to Paradise.' While Angelo was in Paris, Garrick sent his young friend an introduction to Prévile, whom Sterne describes as 'Mercury himself,' and who was, indeed, in some respects Garrick's rival. Prévile knew Foote, whom he slightly resembled in appearance; and when Foote came to the French capital, he invited Angelo to a supper, at which Prévile was present. Foote, binding Angelo to secrecy, delighted the company by imitating their common acquaintance the great Roscius, and Prévile in his turn mimicked the leading French comedians. All this was not very favourable to proficiency in the French language, which Angelo would probably have learned better in Boileau's garret. On the other hand, under Motet, the champion *pareur* of the Continent, he became an expert swordsman—able, and only too willing, to take part in the encounters which, in the Paris of the day, were as common as street rows in London. But, with the exception of swallowing the button and some inches of a foil when fencing with Lord Massereene in the prison of the Abbaye (where that nobleman was unhappily in durance for debt), he seems to have enjoyed a remarkable immunity from accidents of all kinds.

He returned to London in 1775. His home at this time was at Carlisle House,<sup>1</sup> in King's Square Court (now Carlisle Street), Soho. It was a spacious old Caroline mansion of red brick, which had belonged to the Howard family, and had been bought by Dominico Angelo from Lord Delaval, brother of Foote's patron, the Sir Francis to whom he dedicated his comedy of *Taste*. There were lofty rooms with enriched ceilings; there were a marble-floored hall and a grand decorated staircase painted by Salvator's pupil, Henry Cook. In this building, in 1763, its new owner had opened his fencing school, and subsequently, in the garden at the back, had erected stables and a *manège*, which extended to Wardour Street. Between pupils, resident and otherwise, and troops of friends, Carlisle House must always have been well filled and animated. Garrick, who often consulted the elder Angelo on matters of costume and stage machinery, was a frequent visitor, and presented his adviser with a magnificent silver goblet, long preserved by the Angelos as a heirloom, which held three bottles

<sup>1</sup> Not to be confused with Carlisle House on the other side of Soho Square, which was occupied from 1760 to 1778 by the enterprising Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, whose ballroom was in Sutton Street, on the site of the present Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick.

of Burgundy. Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his father were also friends, and it was from Dominico Angelo that the younger man, as a boy at Harrow, acquired that use of the small sword which was to stand him in such good stead in his later duel with Captain Mathews. Wilkes, again, resplendent in his favourite scarlet and gold, often looked in from his Westminster or Kensington houses; and Foote, the Chevalier d'Eon, and General Paoli were constant guests. Horne Tooke, who lived in Dean Street, was another intimate; and, when he was not discussing contemporary politics with Wilkes and Tom Sheridan, would sometimes enliven the company by singing a parody on *God Save the King*, which was not entirely to the taste of the elder Angelo. Bach of the harpsichord,<sup>1</sup> with Abel of the viol-da-gamba, were next-door neighbours, and free of the house; Bartolozzi the engraver and his inseparable Cipriani were almost on an equally favoured footing. Another *habitué* was Gainsborough, whose passion for music is historical, and from whom anyone could extract a sketch in return for a song or a tune. The walls of Abel's room were covered by drawings acquired in this manner, and pinned loosely to the paper-hangings—drawings which afterwards fetched their price at Langford's in the Piazza. Besides these, came often Philip de Loutherbourg, whom Dominico Angelo had introduced to Garrick as scene painter for Drury Lane; and Canaletto, whom he had known at Venice; and Zoffany; and George Stubbs, the author of the *Anatomy of the Horse*, who carried on his studies in the Carlisle House Riding School, no doubt taking for model, among others, that famous white charger Monarch, of which the presentment survives to posterity, under King William III. of immortal memory, in West's *Battle of the Boyne*. 'All the celebrated horse painters of the last, and some of the veterans of the present age,' says the author of the *Reminiscences*, 'were constant visitors at our table or at the *manège*. Lastly, an enthusiastic, though not artistic, amateur of the Carlisle Street stud was the corpulent "Hero of Culloden," otherwise "Billy the Butcher." If not the greatest, he was certainly the heaviest, prince in Christendom, since he rode some four-and-twenty stone, and, as a boy, Harry Angelo well remembered the sudden sidelong dip of the carriage when His Royal Highness poised his ponderous body on the step.'

An establishment upon the scale and traditions of Carlisle House (and there was also a 'cake house,' or country-box, at

<sup>1</sup> Johann Christian Bach, Bach's son. Angelo calls him Sebastian, but John Sebastian Bach died in 1750.

Acton, where Zoffany painted decorations) could only have been maintained at considerable expense. But in this respect Dominico Angelo seems to have been unusually fortunate—even for a foreigner. Within a short period after his arrival in England his income, according to his son, was over two thousand a year, and this sum in the height of his prosperity was nearly doubled. After Henry Angelo's account of his life in Paris, his records, always disconnected, grow looser in chronology; and it is moreover never quite easy to distinguish his personal recollections from the mere floating hearsay of a retentive but capricious memory. One of his earliest experiences, however, on returning to England must have been his attendance in December, 1775, at the trial, in the Old Bailey, of Mrs. Margaret Caroline Rudd for complicity in the forgery for which the Brothers Perreau were subsequently hanged.<sup>1</sup> His description of this fair-haired siren suggests a humbler Becky Sharp or Valérie Marneffe, and there can be little doubt that, as he implies, she owed her undeserved acquittal to the 'irresistible power of fascination' which ensnared Boswell and interested even his 'illustrious Friend.' Another incident at which Angelo assisted shortly afterwards, and which it is also possible to place precisely, was the riot that in February, 1776, accompanied the attempt to produce at Drury Lane Parson Bate's opera of *The Blackamoor wash'd White*. Angelo was one of a boxful of the author's supporters who were forced to retire under the furious cannonade of 'apples, oranges, and other such missiles' to which they were exposed. But a still more important theatrical event was his presence on that historic June 10, 1776, when Garrick bade farewell to the stage. He and his mother were in Mrs. Garrick's box, and the two ladies continued to sob so long after they had quitted the house as to prompt the comment of the elder Angelo that they could not have grieved more at the great man's burial. Henry Angelo was also a spectator of the progress to Tyburn in the following February of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, to whom and to the horrors of 'Execution Day' in general he devotes some of the latter pages of his first volume. 'His [Dodd's] corpse-like appearance produced an awful picture of human woe. Tens of thousands of hats, which formed a black mass, as the coach advanced, were taken off simultaneously, and so many tragic faces exhibited a spectacle, the effect of which is

<sup>1</sup> One wonders whether Thackeray was thinking of this *cause célèbre* in *Denis Duval*, where there is a Miss Rudge and a Farmer Perreau. Angelo, it may be added, was present at the hanging at Tyburn of M. de la Motte, an actual character in the same book.

beyond the power of words to describe. Thus the procession travelled onwards, through the multitude, whose silence added to the awfulness of the scene.' Two years later Angelo witnessed the execution of another clergyman, the Rev. James Hackman, who was hanged for shooting Lord Sandwich's mistress, Miss Martha Reay. The murder, it will be remembered, took place in the Piazza at Covent Garden, as the lady was leaving the theatre, and Angelo, according to his own account, had only quitted it a few minutes before. He afterwards saw the body of the hapless criminal under dissection at Surgeons' Hall—a ghastly testimony to the truth of Hogarth's final plate in the 'Four Stages of Cruelty.'

The above, and the burning in 1792 of Wyatt's Pantheon, are some of the few things in Angelo's first volume which it is practicable to date with certainty. The second volume is scarcely more than a sequence of headed paragraphs, roughly parcelled into sections, and difficult to sample. Of his own career he speaks but seldom, except when he is an actor in the incident he relates. Like his father, who died at Eton, in 1802, he became a master of the sword, and like him, again, he lived upon terms of quasi-familiarity with many titled practitioners of that art—being, indeed, upon one occasion the guest of the Duke of Sussex at the extremely select Neapolitan Club, an honour which—as the Prince of Wales was also present—seems to have been afterwards regarded as too good to be believed. Like Dominico Angelo, also, he had a large acquaintance with the artists and actors of his day. He had himself learned drawing at Eton under the Prince's master, Alexander Cozens, the apostle of 'blottesque,' and he had studied a little with Bartolozzi and Cipriani. He had even ventured upon a few caricatures, in particular one of Lady Queensberry's black *protégé*, Soubise; and he was intimate with Rowlandson, whom he had known from boyhood, and followed to his grave in April, 1827. When Rowlandson was on his Continental travels, Angelo was living in Paris, and he had many of the drawings which his friend made at this time. In London they were frequently companions at Vauxhall and other places of amusement, where Rowlandson's busy pencil found its field of activity, and they together often heard the chimes at midnight in the house at Beaufort Buildings inhabited by Rowlandson's fat Mæcenas, the banker Mitchel, one of whose favourite guests was Peter Pindar. Angelo gives more than one anecdote which have been utilised by Rowlandson's biographers; but perhaps the least hackneyed record of their

alliance is contained in the pages which describe their joint visit to Portsmouth to see the French prizes after Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June. Angelo got down first, and went on board the largest French vessel, the *Sans Pareil*, and he gives a graphic account of the terrible devastation, the decks raked and ploughed up by the round shot, the masts gone by the board, the miserable boyish crew, the hogshead of spirits to keep up their courage in action, the jumble of dead and dying in the 'tween decks, and above all the horrible, sickening smell of carnage. On Howe's vessel, the *Queen Charlotte*, on the contrary, there was scarcely a trace of battle, though another ship, the *Brunswick*, had suffered considerably. Rowlandson joined Angelo at Portsmouth, and they witnessed together the landing of the prisoners. Afterwards they visited Forton prison, where, after leaving one of the sick wards, Rowlandson made a ghastly study of a dying Frenchman who was making his will, sitting up in bed, a priest with a crucifix at his side. By this time Angelo had had enough of the horrors of war, and he returned to town, leaving Rowlandson to go on to Southampton to make sketches of Lord Moira's embarkation for La Vendée. Here, however, the writer's recollection must have failed him, for Lord Moira's fruitless expedition was nearly a year old. What Rowlandson no doubt witnessed was his Lordship's departure to join the Duke of York at Malines. Angelo speaks highly of the—for Rowlandson—unusual finish and spirit of these drawings with their boatloads of soldiers and studies of shipping. They were purchased by Fores, of Piccadilly, but do not appear to have been reproduced. There is, however, at South Kensington a sketch by Rowlandson of the French prizes coming into Portsmouth, which must have been made at this time.

Another associate of Angelo, and also of Rowlandson, was John (or, more familiarly, Jack) Bannister, the actor. Bannister and Rowlandson had been students together at the Royal Academy, and had combined in worrying, by mimicry and caricature, gruff Richard Wilson, who had succeeded Frank Hayman as librarian. In the subsequent pranks of this practical joking age Angelo, who had known them both from boyhood, often made a third, and he was present upon an occasion which was as unfeignedly pathetic as Garrick's famous farewell, the farewell of Bannister to the stage. Many of the anecdotes contained in the entertainment which preceded this leave-taking—namely, 'Bannister's Budget'—were included by permission in the *Reminiscences*, and Angelo, who had learned elocution from Tom Sheridan, and was an excellent amateur



actor, more than once played for Bannister's benefits, notably at the Italian Opera House in 1792 as Mrs. Cole in Foote's *Minor*, and in 1800 before the Royal Family at Windsor as Papillon, in *The Liar*, also by Foote. On this latter occasion the bill also records that Mr. H. Angelo, 'by particular desire,' obliged with 'A Solo Duet, or Ballad Singers in Cranbourn Alley.' These were by no means his only dramatic essays. He was a frequent player at Lord Barrymore's private theatre at Wargrave, where one of his favourite assumptions was Worsdale's part of Lady Pentweazel, in Foote's *Taste*. He is, however, careful to explain that his professional engagements did not permit him to go the full lengths of the Wargrave Court of Comus. As he seems nevertheless to have accompanied Barrymore to places like Jacob's Well, to have driven with him at night through Colnbrook, when his sportive Lordship was industriously 'fanning the daylights,' i.e. breaking the windows to right and left with his whip, and to have serenaded Mrs. Fitzherbert with him at Brighton, he had certainly ample opportunities for studying the 'caprices and eccentricities' of this illustrious member of what the late Mortimer Collins described as the 'strong generation.' Besides acting at Wargrave, he had also often played in private theatricals at Brandenburgh House at Hammersmith, the home of Lord Berkeley's sister, that Margravine of Anspach, whose comedy of the *Sleep-Walker* Walpole printed at the Strawberry Hill Press. Lastly, he was a member of the short-lived Pic Nic Society, inaugurated by Lady Buckinghamshire, an association which combined dances, concerts, and play-acting with suppers on the principle of the line in Goldsmith's *Retaliation*: 'Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.' Lady Buckinghamshire, a large personage, with an uncontrollable appetite for pleasure, was one of the card-loving leaders of fashion satirised by Gillray as 'Faro's Daughters.' But whatever may have happened at the E. O. banks in St. James's Square, 'gaming,' says Angelo, 'formed no part of the plan' of the Pic Nics.

But it would take a lengthy article to exhaust the budget of these chaotic memories, even if one made sedulous selection only of those incidents in which the writer says he was personally concerned. Not a few of the stories, however, are common property, and are told as well elsewhere. For instance, Angelo repeats the anecdote of Shuter, who, following for his *Cries of London* a particularly musical vendor of silver eels, found to his mortification that on this occasion the man was mute. Questioning him at

last, the poor fellow explained with a burst of tears that his *wife* had died that day, and that he could not cry. This is told in Taylor's *Records*, and no doubt in a dozen places besides. Similarly, the anecdote of Hayman and the Marquis of Granby having a bout with the gloves previous to a sitting is related in the *Somerset House Gazette* of 'Ephraim Hardcastle' (W. H. Pyne); and it has been whispered, we know not upon what authority, that Pyne had a good deal to do with Angelo's *Chronicle*. Be this as it may, there are plenty of anecdotes which are so obviously connected with the narrator that, even if all the make-weights be discarded, a residue remains which is far too large to be dealt with here. We shall confine ourselves to the few pages which refer to Byron, whom Angelo seems to have known well. Byron, who had been one of Angelo's pupils at Harrow, had interested himself in establishing Angelo as a fencing master at Cambridge, where he entertained him and Theodore Hook at dinner, seeing them off afterwards himself by the London stage duly fortified with stirrup cups of the noted beer of St. John's College. When Byron left Cambridge for town Angelo seems to have taken infinite pains to find a book which his lordship wanted in order to decide a wager, and his ultimate success increased the favour in which he stood. He was subsequently in the habit of giving Byron lessons at the Albany in the broadsword, a fearsome exercise which was apparently chosen in view of the noble pupil's tendency to flesh, and for which he deliberately costumed himself in furs and flannels. Of these relations at this date a record is still said to survive at Mr. John Murray's in Albemarle Street. It is a screen made by Angelo for his patron. On one side are all the distinguished pugilists, from Broughton to Jackson; on the other the great actors, from Betterton to Kean. The screen was sold with Byron's effects when he left the country in 1816, and so passed into the pious hand of its present possessor.

Reference has already been made to what Mr. Egerton Castle accurately describes as Angelo's 'graceful ease' in avoiding dates. He gives us very little information respecting his different establishments. At first, it must be assumed, he taught at his father's school in Carlisle Street. Later on, the *salle d'armes* which he mentions oftenest is that formerly belonging to the Frenchman Redas in the Opera House buildings at the corner of the Haymarket, 'almost facing the Orange Coffee House,' then the favoured resort of foreigners of all sorts. When the Opera was burned down in 1789, these rooms were destroyed, and Angelo seems to have

transferred his quarters to Bond Street. Under the heading 'My own Boastings' he gives a list of his noble pupils to the year 1817, and it is certainly an imposing one. In 'the year of Kean's benefit' (1825?), and in the month of September, he strained his left thigh when fencing with the actor, and was thenceforth obliged to 'bid adieu to the practical exertions of the science.' His last years seem to have been spent in retirement at a village near Bath, and from his reference to his means as 'a small annuity,' it must be presumed that he was poor. He had been married, for he speaks of two of his sons, to whom the Duke of York had given commissions in the army; but this is all he says on the subject. Besides his *Reminiscences*, the first volume of which came out in 1828, he published in 1834 another miscellany of memories entitled *Angelo's Pic-nic*, to which George Cruikshank contributed a frontispiece. He also issued professionally a translation in smaller form of his father's *École des Armes*, a magnificent subscription folio which had first appeared in 1763 with illustrations by Gwynn the painter. This translation was by Rowlandson, and the book, in this form, was incorporated subsequently, under the head *Escrime*, in the *Encyclopédie* of Diderot and d'Alembert. Rowlandson also designed twenty plates for Angelo on the use of the Hungarian and Highland broadsword, which were put forth in 1798-9 by T. Egerton, of the Military Library, Whitehall, the adventurous publisher who subsequently issued the first three novels of Jane Austen.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## *The Angler's Birds.*

‘**B**UT the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of his little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased,’ writes Walton ; and the nightingale is but one among a number of birds which by their sweet notes, bright plumage, and winning ways help to prevent even the most troutless day being a dull one to the fly-fisherman. Fly fishing is such an absorbing pursuit to those who follow it with any real application that, even when the trout are rising badly, the angler somehow finds at the close of the day that he has had but too little time to devote to the natural history of the river side. His thoughts have been mainly concentrated on trout, and he has been for the most part only pleasantly conscious of a medley of sights and sounds, which have formed, as it were, a rich and varied background. And yet there are chinks and intervals now and again, which the keen angler can afford to devote to the study of nature. For the angler who is something of a naturalist it is not enough to merely take in ‘all beauty with an easy span,’ like Keats’s lusty Spring, or to be simply steeped almost unconsciously in the beauty and delight of the river side as a whole. He must, when the opportunity occurs, make a closer acquaintance with some of the parts of this harmonious whole. If somewhat of an entomologist or of a botanist, his attention may be claimed by those wondrous iridescent insects, the dragon flies or *Libellulidæ*, as they flash in their sheeny gauze along the margins of our southern trout streams ; or to the flowers and plants, which always seem to me to revel in their existence and to *grow fat* by the water beyond all other green things. But the birds, perhaps, will claim as a rule the giant’s share of attention, and among these the kingfisher—undoubtedly Tennyson’s ‘Sea blue bird of March,’ and the ἀλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος ὄρνις, it may be, of Aleman—is the most famous, so far as the chalk, loam, and gravel streams of the south are concerned.

The kingfisher's plumage is as prodigal of colour as are the 'plates of sapphire mail' of the newly hatched dragon fly. A robber, no doubt, this kingfisher is, finely clad like the old gentlemanly highwayman, and levying heavy toll at times on our beloved alevins; and yet the angler scarcely exists who would openly advise his total removal from the list of the wild creatures of our trout streams. To my delight I have seen this living gem of the trout stream repeatedly during the past season where I scarcely looked for it. Not only does the bird frequent the larger waters which boast those tangled islets so dear to several species, but the tiny tributaries of tributaries of tributaries that trickle almost unseen and unheard close in under wayside hedges, by railway arches, and in 'enamelled meadows,' where the stranger may suspect the presence of water by reason of the luxuriance of the grass or by a thin line of meadow-sweet, with here and there a stem of loosestrife, but not actually see the 'welling of stainless water' till within a few yards of its edge. He loves, too, the osier beds and the watercress creeks which often lie at some little distance from the main stream, and on the whole I rejoice to think that there is no reason at present to lament the gradual disappearance of the kingfisher.

The islets frequented by the kingfisher are well known to the angler naturalist as favourite haunts in the breeding season of the reed warbler (*Acrocephalus streperus*). Though this little bird is occasionally found nesting at some distance from the water—as, for instance, in lilac bushes at Hampstead!—it is quite one of the angler's birds, to be associated with the sedge warbler, reed bunting, wild duck, water rail, little grebe, moorhen, dipper, and yellow wagtail. The reed warbler is somewhat local, and I have looked for it in vain by various southern river sides which have seemed to me well adapted to its habits. On the Thames above Oxford it is quite a common bird, in many places almost as abundant, indeed, as the sedge warbler. In undergraduate days I used to find few things more pleasant than a birds'-nesting expedition between Godstow and Eynsham, and when the reed warbler was nesting we were sometimes compelled to miss a lecture on logic or algebra in order to devote a glorious May day to a voyage of discovery amid the great beds of reeds and the osiers, and the fascinating little creeks about and below Witham Woods. It was irregular, of course, and if repeated too often in the same week of the same term would very likely result in a gating after 'Hall;' but this is not usually the kind of sin of omission that weighs heavily on the conscience.

of a 'Varsity man in after life. I know, at any rate, that the entries in a small natural history calendar kept in those days may be glanced through now without a twinge of conscience, though they must have meant more than one skipped lecture. The reed warbler is to be found nesting on both our chief Hampshire chalk streams. It is found, too, in most of the southern, midland, and eastern counties, but it is rare in the North, and practically unknown in Scotland. The song of this bird is weak and low, and the angler may sometimes recognise in it quaint snatches and echoes of the songs and call notes of other birds. Like the nightingale, the reed warbler has a habit of singing after dark, and it is said to occasionally imitate a few of the notes of that species so successfully as to be mistaken for the king of all British singing birds; but surely those who make the mistake can be only very slightly acquainted with birds and bird life. The blackcap is perhaps the next best singer to the nightingale, and how great is the gap in point of melody and power between the two! No; it is not as a singer that the reed warbler shines, but as an architect. As the kingfisher is unrivalled among the regular water birds in the splendour of its appearance, so the reed warbler is easily first in the art of nest building. The nest is neatly described by Meyer as being 'like a stocking in the process of knitting, hanging among its many pins.' It is woven round the reed stems, which sway with every gust of wind and sometimes are swept down almost to the surface of the water. To provide against the constant danger of the eggs or young being rolled out, the reed warbler builds for its size a very long nest composed outwardly of strong dry grasses and fibres and inwardly of finer grasses and horsehair. For weaving purposes this bird, like the chaffinch and the goldcrest, is fond of using cobwebs, and sometimes a little moss is skilfully worked in. The reed warbler's nest is one of the most dainty objects to my mind in nature—that is, when it is left where it is found; but the dried and 'preserved' nest of the collector is as inferior to the same nest in its natural position as a battered purple emperor is to the glorious perfect specimen. There are some things which can be preserved more or less in their original beauty; a bird's nest is not among them.

Perhaps the most constant bird companions of the angler are the sedge warbler, the moorhen, and the dipper. The sedge warbler (*Acrocephalus phragmitis*) is everywhere. Every tangled watercourse and brook has its sedge warblers. This incessant songster, the common scold and the irrepressible clack



among small birds, one moment scurrying helter-skelter through its jerky jumbled-up songs, and the next 'churring' in alarm or defiance, anon to break out into melody again, is a little companion the angler grows attached to. The sedge warbler's song may not be one to soothe like that of the redbreast on soft still autumnal days, nor to hold the hearer entranced as the nightingale's will on a May morning. It is one, however, which the angler would miss not a little.

The moorhen (*Gallinula chloropus*) is shy of man like the water rail, but the dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*) seems to persist in trying to attract attention by all possible devices, by calling, by courtesying from every boulder in the stream, and by never being at rest. As for the moorhen, the pleasures of nesting must surely be outbalanced by the extreme discomfort the poor bird experiences when its young first take to the water. These droll little balls of black down with tiny red bills seem to float like corks almost as soon as they get a little fluff on them, and where there is any current to speak of they are at their first swim almost as helpless as corks. The agony of their parents under these circumstances is pathetic to witness. A black ball of down must sometimes, it is to be feared, find its way down a pike's throat.

The water rail (*Rallus aquaticus*) is almost as hard to flush as its nest is to find. The injured and bedraggled appearance of the water rail when its nest is approached too closely is not, it is now announced by some ornithologists, a device to draw the stranger away. But I take leave to wait for proof of this. Why does the common currant moth when in danger suddenly collapse? If that is not a device, what is it? and if the currant moth tries deception why should not the water rail and the wild duck be capable of the same trick?

Scarcer by far than either the water rail or the little grebe (*Podiceps minor*) is the spotted crane (*Crex porzana*), also very shy and skulking in habits. When May-fly fishing last June on the Upper Test it occurred to me that various sedgy and secluded nooks there were well suited to this pretty creature. A few months later I heard of a pair of spotted cranes killed at Chilbolton, a little way down stream, and now in a museum at Winchester.

It is a shame to shoot the rare spotted crane at any time in this country, and doubly a shame to do so in the breeding season.

It has always seemed to me that there is a certain weirdness about some of the creatures which affect the fells and the marshy

wild spots by many of our rivers ; a weirdness which greatly attracts. The heron (*Ardea cinerea*) in its solemn mien and flight and its nocturnal habits verges on the weird, and so certainly does the bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*). Alas, the latter is no sooner seen or reported of than shot whenever it tries to take up its residence for a few winter months by one of our streams. Leadenhall Market each winter tells a sad tale in this respect. Gone are the rare old days when the odd cry of this denizen of marshland was familiar to dwellers in many a lonely country house.

The bittern's sounding drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow,

must have been familiar enough to Sir Walter Scott, and doubtless Tennyson knew the 'butterbump' and its cry in his Lincolnshire days, as the *Northern Farmer* shows :—

D'ya moind the waaiste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then ;  
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd 'um mysen ;  
Moäst loike a butter-bump, fur I 'eerd 'um aboot an' aboot,  
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um oot.

As completely as the Northern farmer removed the boggle of Thurnaby Waaiste, the march of progress and the greed of the collector and indiscriminate gunner have removed the bittern from the list of familiar British birds.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

## *A Pair of Lynxes.*

A GREAT friend of mine, a Russian keeper, known as Stepan, or Stephen, is no less remarkable as a teller of capital hunting yarns than he is in his own legitimate avocation as woodcraftsman. Whether Stepan draws upon his experience for his facts—and his experience is certainly unique—or upon his imagination, which is fertile, I really do not know. Stepan is a Russian peasant, and therefore it is his birthright to lie. Nevertheless I am accustomed to believe the greater part of what he tells me as we lie resting upon the heather at midday during the luncheon interval, because I have myself on more than one occasion seen this talented individual perform feats in woodcraft somewhat similar to those he is in the habit of describing. The following is one of his yarns; and I do not think there is anything in it which the reader cannot be asked to believe—if he likes.

‘I was once,’ said friend Stepan, ‘spending the night in mid-forest, waiting for the capercaillies to begin their morning tournaments, which would not be until three o’clock at the earliest.

‘As you are aware, the hours of the night spent thus are apt to hang somewhat heavily upon one’s hands, unless one passes them sleeping comfortably with one’s feet close to the fire; but then, if you are alone, there is the danger of not waking in time for the capercaillie jaunt. Therefore I preferred to remain awake and listen to the voices of the night—the sighing and rustling of the pines over my head, or the occasional distant howling of a wolf, that most melancholy of all the voices of nature.

‘Then it struck me that this would be an excellent opportunity for me to practise some of my animal-calls, an accomplishment in which, as you know, I have attained some little proficiency.

‘I howled first in the character of a wolf, thinking it just possible that I might attract some of these gentlemen within range of my smooth-bore, which I had taken the precaution to load with slugs. But though I howled my best for half an hour,

I found that my friends were too far away. I could hear them, but they could not hear me; for their natural howlings travelled further than my artificial tones. Then I bethought me that my lynx-call might be growing rusty from disuse, and I started caterwauling like the veriest starving or lovesick lynx that ever roamed the woods after prey or partner.

‘There is not much chance of calling up a lynx in our part of the country, for these animals are very rare, and scarcely ever honour our particular portion of the forest with a visit; therefore my caterwaulings were designed more for practice than anything else, though of course one always faintly hopes. What was my surprise, then, when, after I had called for no longer than five minutes or so, I distinctly heard my cries answered from, apparently, a distance of a mile or a mile and a half.

‘I was tremendously excited, for I had never killed a lynx, and this being the only Russian animal which had up to now successfully defied all my arts of woodcraft, I felt that could I only succeed to-night in calling up this gentleman (or lady) and adding him or her to my list of victims, I should die happy when called upon to bid farewell to these hunting-grounds in favour of yet happier ones.

‘So I sat silent for a few moments, for it was necessary to allow my pulses to resume their natural beat, for at present they were throbbing like a steam-engine. I knew that if I attempted to call up that wily creature while under the influence of excitement, I should soon betray myself for a man and no true lynx. So, as I say, I paused awhile and pondered what had best be done. My lynx yelled away meanwhile, evidently as delighted with the prospect of meeting me as I was with the hope of getting a nearer view of him. I decided to put out my fire before I took any further steps towards securing an interview with my friend, for if one thing is more certain than another it is that anything worthy of the name of a lynx would never approach within a quarter of a mile of a bonfire. So I stamped out every bit of blazing wood and scattered the embers, and I did so not without some sinking of heart, for if the lynx should take his time about approaching my place of ambush it would be mighty cold waiting for him this bitter frosty March night. Then, having by this time subdued the excited beatings of my heart sufficiently to warrant a careful return to caterwauling, I took up a strategic position behind a thick clump of bushes surrounded by a few yards of open ground convenient for shooting, should I be so fortunate as to get a shot,

and, thus prepared, I carefully and cautiously recommenced the calls which had so excited my caterwauling friend in the distance. The creature had never ceased his most eloquent appeals to me to renew my tale and inform him of my exact whereabouts. Now, though I speak lynx-language like a native, I cannot claim to understand much of what is said to me in that tongue, but I felt as certain as cocksureness can go that the lynx was addressing to me every fond and endearing expression to be found in the feline vocabulary. Oh! he simply adored me—I was sure of it; though I felt also that I must not be too elated by the circumstance, since he obviously took me for some one else: some one he had loved and lost, and whom I evidently resembled—in voice at least. Perhaps they had parted in anger over the choicest cut in the body of a hare, as lynxes will, and he was now anxious to acknowledge that he had been in error throughout the business, and longed to be friends again.

‘It must have been something of this sort, for the poor fellow responded with touching warmth the instant that he heard my voice upraised anew. Indeed, he redoubled his exertions, to convince me that he only needed to be heard in order to be forgiven and taken back forthwith to my heart. I am sure I gave him every encouragement to come and make it up; I yelled quite as lustily as he did, and the noise we two lynxes made for a while must have caused the rest of the inmates of this part of the forest considerable surprise and much disgust. How glad they must have felt that we are a rare animal, and do not come down to their part of the world very often! “Why,” I can imagine them saying to one another during the long and noisy hours of that night, “if these chaps were to come down here often we should never get a wink of sleep!”

‘I felt for them, but that did not prevent me caterwauling all I knew. And so the duet went on for half an hour without much apparent result. I do not know whether my friend expected me to come to him, and was saying so all this time, but at all events he did not at first show any signs of approaching me any more than I had any intention of leaving my ambush in order to seek him out. I sincerely wished that I knew the etiquette of these little matters as observed among lynxes, for here was I perhaps behaving with shocking rudeness according to the established canons of feline politeness; but what could I do? I was quite determined that I should not leave my place unless absolutely obliged to do so by the determined obstinacy of my eloquent but

pig-headed relative. I must say I felt rather acutely that if he were really so exceedingly anxious to make it up as his words and passionately endearing tones implied, why on earth couldn't he come and do it?

'As the minutes went by I decided that if he did not move at the end of a quarter of an hour I would. You see it was now getting on towards daylight, or rather dawn, which would commence from about half-past two, and I could not afford to throw away much more time over mere parleying. I believe I endeavoured to convey my dissatisfaction in my next few speeches, and that I did so with some measure of success, for it seemed to me that when next my relative spoke his voice sounded a little nearer than before. After another minute or two I felt no doubt of it; he was certainly approaching me. The ice was broken at last, and he had decided in the most gentlemanly manner to waive any rights or prior claims he may have had to the first visit. This was as it should be. Once he had made up his mind to make the first move towards a nearer interview, my friend appeared determined to waste no further time over mere verbal endearments, but to come as soon as possible to personal greetings.

'Each impassioned sentence now addressed to me by the other lynx undoubtedly came from a point nearer to me than the last, until I felt sure that he could not now be more than a quarter of a mile away. But here he paused, and I was glad of the opportunity he thus gave me both of resting my voice and also of recovering my nerve, for indeed I was now too excited by his rapid approaches, and by the marvellous success up to this point of our conversation, to feel quite secure as to the absolute correctness of my lynxine accent now to be put to the trial of closer criticism. Therefore I lay low for awhile, and gathered breath and nerve for the crucial test to which my skill must very shortly be subjected. But though my equally excited feline friend had ceased to advance towards me, he clearly had no intention of desisting even for a moment from assuring me of his devotion and of his desire for a personal interview. Needless to say that, having coaxed him thus far, I was not going to relax my efforts until I had brought my gentleman to the scratch. It is a fact that the more I listened to the caterwauling of my relative, the more I was struck by its resemblance to my own. I was astonished to observe that there was not the slightest difference between his remarks and mine. So much was this the case that the quaint idea struck me: What if he imagined I was simply repeating his observations, parrotlike,



in order to humbug and annoy him, and if he should now be on his way hither with the intention of punishing me for my impertinence? It was certainly rather awkward conversing with another gentleman without understanding either his remarks to me or even my own to him!

‘For a quarter of an hour our duet continued thus, each lynx calling from behind his own ambush. I began to think, somewhat anxiously, that after all I should be obliged to make a compromise by going halfway to meet my adorer, when, to my great relief, I realised that he was once more on the move. He came along very slowly and cautiously now. Was he suspicious? I trusted not. However, I determined to sit silent for a minute or two, in the belief that my apparent coolness might rouse him to increased ardour. Nor was I mistaken. No sooner did I recommence my caterwauling than his own redoubled in warmth and volume. I could almost distinguish the meaning of his impassioned pleadings. He seemed to entreat me not to deprive him of the rapture of listening to my voice, which, he appeared to say, was music to his ears. I could not therefore, under these romantic circumstances, remain long obdurate to his pleading, or turn a deaf ear to his ardour and affection. I caterwauled again, more lustily than ever!

‘Within a very few moments I became aware that my friend, or relative, or lover—not understanding the drift of his remarks I could not be sure as to what was the exact relationship in which I stood towards him—had approached quite close, and, could I but see him, must now be within easy range of my gun. But, alas! it was still pitch dark, and I could no more discern any object at a distance of twenty-five yards than I could take to myself wings and fly over the pinetops.

‘Edging the open space around my ambush was the usual cover, chiefly pine-trees, with an occasional clump of low bush. I made up my mind that my companion was ensconced behind a certain dense patch of scrub which I had noticed while there had been light from the fire. This patch lay at a distance of about thirty yards from my own position, and if the other lynx should be so unkind and suspicious as to refuse to cross the open in search of me, I resolved that as soon as I could see so far I would hazard a shot, trusting that at least one or two of the slugs which went to make up the charge in my smooth-bore might find a billet.

‘The duet continued meanwhile. He would address an amorous but gently reproachful remark to me, and I would reply with

soft answers designed to turn away wrath. Perhaps I told him I had a game leg and could not walk; or that I was busy over a delicious meal of hare, which I dare not leave on account of the known dishonesty of the denizens of this part of the forest—I don't know what I said, but whatever it may have been he would not move, but only repeated the arguments which, even though I could not understand them, were, I felt, growing exceedingly stale. He was a very unimaginative lynx, and scarcely varied the monotony of his remarks from beginning to end of our long conversation; neither did I, of course; but then I had, at least, the grace to be heartily ashamed of the sameness of my observations.

'This sort of thing continued till presently the light had increased sufficiently to afford an indistinct view of the surroundings. I now carefully weighed the chances. I could take the risky course of hazarding a blind shot into the bush on the off-chance of killing the animal supposed to be lurking behind it; or I could creep along until I reached his ambuscade, then jump up and perhaps secure a running shot at my friend, though, being a lynx, it was exceedingly unlikely that he would wait for me there. After much meditation I at last decided upon a plan of action. I resolved to make a movement of a portion of the small bush behind which I lay, in the hope of so exciting the ardour of my friend opposite by this sign of life, that he would be unable to resist the impulse to rush across the open and fly, as it were, to my arms.

'No sooner thought of than carried out. Stretching out one foot, I stirred the branches in such a way as to give the impression that an animal was moving behind them, caterwauling lustily the while.

.....  
'Then, of a sudden, a most awful thing happened. A deafening report rang out from the direction of the scrub opposite, while at the same instant I distinctly heard and almost felt the whistle and rush of a charge of slugs which, though they did not actually touch me, passed within an inch or two of my ears. I sprang to my feet with a yell, while a dusky form, which was not that of a lynx, rose from behind the patch of bush opposite, and came running across towards me. 'Will you believe me,' old Stepan ended, 'when I assure you that it was that confounded poaching blackguard Simeon, not yet a keeper at that time? And the most annoying part of the whole business was that I had taught him all his lynx-calling myself.

'I went off after the capercailzies a few minutes later, and missed three of them one after the other—sitting shots, too. The disappointment had been too much for me. Just fancy my cater-wauling all night for a fellow like Simeon to have a cockshot at me at the end of it! Bah!

'Since that day I have called up several lynxes; but Simeon then and there gave up the practice, because I vowed that very morning that if he ever tried it again I should stalk him and shoot him.'

FRED. WHISHAW.

## *A Gentle Art of Georgian England.*

**WHO** indites that still recurring compilation, the Complete Letter-Writer? The student might incline to identify its author with the proficient confectioner who was found to be responsible for the cracker mottoes Elvira pulled at supper, were it not that we have Mr. Gilbert's word that he was a 'happy pieman.' A Complete Letter-Writer, on the contrary, demands a cynic to its treatment, since who but a cynic could make the swift *volte-face* of sentiment indicated by headings like these: 'Letter 50. From a gentleman who has been acquainted with the Object of his Affections from infancy—urging his suit on this ground. Letter 51. From a gentleman addressing the Object within twelve hours of first seeing her. Letter 52. Replies—(a) encouraging, (b) discouraging—to 50. Letter 53. Similar choice of replies to 51?' So the indifferent fellow reels off variations on the cosmic melody, appropriate (as he judges) to every class of lover and every type of lass, be she affirmative, negative, or treading the primrose path of a histrionic dalliance. Here unabashed fifteen finds a 'choice of replies to a note folded like a cocked hat and thrown over the wall of the school garden' and here sweet-and-twenty can obtain counsel concerning her manipulation of the 'proposals of a solid and eligible passion,' as one of these works somewhat confusedly terms a document that hints at ante-nuptial settlements. Even the requirements of the widow of fifty are not neglected; there are encouragements to her to make herself a winner in life's race for the second, nay, for the third time.

Enough of the decadent moderns, for ours is the golden age neither of the 'Complete' nor of the incomplete letter-writer. A hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago things were very different. Considering, indeed, the prevalence of the 'Epistle' in eighteenth-century verse and the predominance in eighteenth-century prose of the story or moral instruction 'imparted in a series of letters,' it is not surprising that polite guides to 'Corre-

spondencies' were prodigiously in vogue, and as one evidence of this it will be remembered that *Pamela* was the outgrowth of a request of two booksellers that Richardson should compose some model letters as from a servant-girl to her relatives.

Something of what Swift, Horace Walpole, Cowper (so variegated and so long was the century) did by brain, it was inevitable that the ever-thickening wedge of thriving nobodies should aspire to do by book. At all events, with a competent manual at hand, 'weakness never needs be' *impropriety*, that bugbear of our great-grandparents.

One or two such handbooks linger in the family of the present commenter, and they give some curious little side-views on the home-atmosphere and *genre* of citizens of credit, John Gilpin's contemporaries. For, in this particular sheaf at any rate, the 'Compleat' Letter-Writers make no pretence of addressing themselves to the quality. Their ingenuous authors do not even affix the customary 'Esq.' to their names on the title-pages. 'Master Tune, the linen-draper,' and 'Mr. Sheppard, the grocer,' chiefly represent the social stratum ministered to, and the books must have been voted gratuitously low by these cits' wives if of the sort

Whose lips in derision would eurl  
Unless they were told how a Duchess  
Convers'd with her cousin the Earl.

And not only persons in the middling state but those of decidedly inferior fortune might here find their perplexities unravelled. One of the works, for instance, provides against the epistolary needs of a seaman's wife, whose husband, just off a trading vessel, is pressed into his Majesty's service before he has had an opportunity of relieving the poverty of his family or even of seeing his wife and children; of a man-servant, discharged on his marriage, who, 'having learned the whole art and mystery of gauging,' seeks a place in the Excise; of another sailor, who, being disabled, seeks 'to be admitted on the Chest at Chatham;' and lastly of 'a Person under Sentence of Death for a Robbery.' Did Jonathan Wild take his Compleat Letter-Writer to Newgate with him?

*The New Universal Letter-Writer and The Lover's Best Instructor*, by Thomas Chapman (Ninth Edition, 1794), which is discreetly divided into two sections, 'Of Business' and 'Of Sentiment,' makes a not wholly optimistic forecast of its patrons'

financial transactions. Out of forty specimen letters twenty-three have such forlorn headings as 'To an Acquaintance to borrow a Sum of Money,' 'The Answer,' 'To a Gentleman celebrated for his Humanity,' 'The Answer,' 'Excusing Delay of Payment,' 'The Answer,' 'A Young Gentleman soliciting Pocket Money' (no answer), and so forth, ending with a petition from one who has been long in the King's Bench pent, where the fictitious wretch may languish on while 'a family of six' starves without, unless his enlargement be procured at the outlay of forty shillings, the sum—debt and costs—for which he is incarcerated. Never were model begging-letters more grandiloquent than accomplish'd Chapman's, and it is hard to say which indulges in the more hortatory platitudes, the suppliant or his obliging friend—for in every case the loan is granted in the most honeyed manner. Doubtless Mr. Chapman was aware that he was painting an ideal world. Some amusing touches are contributed to his book by the 'genuine' letters, recommendatory of it, with which it opens. R. Jackson, of the Bath, Gentleman, requests half a dozen copies for distribution to be sent by the Bath Waggon, and adds that, having 'carefully looked over *The Lover's Best Instructor*, he likes it so well, he shall for the future make use of no other.' What a vista of lady-killing in cold blood!

A couple of Compleat Letter-Writers of somewhat earlier dates give incidental ratifications of various statements of Sir Walter Besant's and Mr. Austin Dobson's touching Hanoverian London. Funerals are repeatedly referred to as taking place in the evening, the reason for which, Sir Walter Besant has surmised, was to set off the ceremony by hired mourners bearing flambeaux. As everyone knows but may forget to realise, postal expense to any place in England was graduated according to distance, so that it was a matter of importance to those voluminous correspondents whether they had to speed their soft intercourse to Cambridge, to Newcastle, or only to Hammersmith. Next to the Bible, *The Whole Duty of Man* was the book from which all who had religion drew their chief nutriment. In 1766, 'W. Plat' writes to his friend, a mercer, to send him 'as much black sattin as will make him a suit,' a commission which somehow savours of an earlier age, say the principal period of the Hatton Correspondence. All the Letter-Writers expatiate upon the matrimonial desirability of the 'Rich Widow.' Her image haunted the male mind of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to judge from their comedies and social essays. Serving-maids' yearly wages in 1759 were about



8l., but on marrying, 'urged by both master and mistress to settle herself,' 'Jenny' is given 'a voluntary present of five guineas towards house-keeping.' The proportion which the amount of Jenny's wages bore to the valedictory gift is in contrast to the spirit of to-day. Writing to her parents to acquaint them with the addresses of 'a sober freeman, an excellent artist in his profession,' which is that of a baker, Jenny (dutifully 'suspending her answer' meanwhile) urges as a reason for her acceptance of these overtures that 'Service is no inheritance,' a cogent domestic aphorism which the ingenious author plucked from the midst of a less decorous context, to wit Swift's 'Directions to the House-Maid,' unless, indeed, it was a saying in the air of that maxim-loving age. From a later letter of Jenny's we have the satisfaction of learning that 'what small matter of money I have saved in my service, Mr. Runciman' (the artist in bread) 'has given' (!) 'me for pin-money, as he calls it.'

In treating of the tender passion Chapman's style intermittently rises with his argument, but the Compleat Letter-Writer that comes nearest to achieving literature is Mary Guilhermin's (*A Series of Letters; for the Use of Young Ladies & Gentlemen*, 1766) in the following sprightly example:—

'To an Aunt from a facetious young lady, ridiculing her serious lover.—The first time the honest man came (in the way you was pleased to put in his head) was one Sunday after sermon-time. He began by telling me, what I found at my finger-ends, that it was cold, and politely blowed upon his. I perceived that his passion for me could not keep him warm; and in complaisance to your recommendation, conducted him to your fire-side. After he had pretty well rubbed heat into his hands, he stood up with his back to the fire, and, with his hands behind him, held up his coat, that he might be warm all over; and looking about him, asked, with the tranquillity of a man a twelvemonth married, and just come off a journey, how all friends did in the country? I said, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my fingers. Cry mercy, Madam!—and then he shuffled a little further from the fire; and after two or three hems, and a long pause—I have heard, says he, a most excellent sermon just now. Dr. Thomas is a fine man truly; did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own parish-church! That is right, Madam, to be sure. What was your subject too? The Pharisee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly: Dr. Thomas would have made fine work upon the subject. His text to-day was Evil

communications corrupt good manners. A good subject, Sir; I doubt not but the doctor made a fine discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he cannot make a bad one upon any subject.

'I rung for the tea-kettle, for, thought I, we shall have all the heads of the sermon immediately.

'At tea he gave me an account of all the religious societies unasked; and how many boys they had put out prentices, and girls they had taught to knit and sing psalms.'

It is difficult to believe that the above was a merely Barmecide letter, and we would gladly identify its vivacious writer with 'Clary' Harlowe's correspondent, the incomparable Miss Howe. Neither Thomas Chapman nor John Tavernier (author of *The Entertaining Correspondent*, Berwick, 1759) possesses anything so rare as this. The strong point of the former would be the non-committal and *sine die* turn he gives to the love-letters of his men were they not out-generalled by the absolute placidity the ladies put into their replies. The importance of the money question in the domestic contract is nakedly admitted from the commencement of the 'siege.' Anything approaching hearts or darts is rigidly ruled out of the ladies' letters, and they appear to be composed on the principle laid down by Nancy Howe, 'Distance to the men-wretches is best—I say.' Even in her first note to her parents the expressions used by a newly married bride are not enthusiastic. Thus she writes: 'In a word' (a favourite eighteenth-century introduction to another quire of paper), 'I have a fair prospect of being happy, and shall make it my study with good œconomy to make Mr. Meanwell so.' Another girl, in betrothing herself, alleges 'no objection against marrying, were she assured of being no worse than at present'—a rather negative wish. But doubtless the sedate style sat becomingly enough upon some fresh, cool-cheeked Prue or Lyddy, distractingly dainty and formal in silk mantua and 'laced head.' After all, it was not the fault of the maiden if her Compleat Letter-Writer consistently taught her to snub dangling *soupirants*. Here and there, too, a swain is encouraged to assert himself, as witness 'Letter LIX,' where the writer excuses himself for not having earlier revealed his passion on the plea that he has 'seen gentlemen led such dances.' This was calculated to give the Georgian worm spirit.

Mr. Chapman had a monstrous fine taste in festoons, as where one pretty fellow writes 'To his Cruel Mistress in the Country,' 'Though in London many beauties are obvious to my sight, I beseech you not to charge my untainted lines with flattery, if in the justness of your own unparalleled pulchritude,' &c. If 'pul,

chritude' and four *l*'s in 'unparalleled' can't move her, this, perhaps, will: 'All are as far your inferiors as the vilipended pebble is inferior to the most high prized carbuncle.' 'Vilipended' is good. 'I rest,' concludes this eighteenth-century Armado, 'never to rest till I ever rest, yours all or mine own nothing at all.' We can fancy the supposed writer in Woodward's mincing pose in *The Fine Gentleman* as we see it in the white Bow figure, or as Miss Hawkins describes Horace Walpole, '*chapeau bas* between his hands, knees bent, and feet on tiptoe as if afraid of a wet floor.' In another Letter-Writer we are supplied with the correct expressions for a lady's wrath against her lover for not having previously mentioned the offer he has just made her to his mother. Miss is mollified at finding from his reply that though the 'affair' had not been named to the aforesaid parent owing to her illness, it has been well talked over, and 'with approbation and benefit,' with three cousins. The mother, dying two days later, is one of the people 'committed to the tomb' in the evening.

But how they tattled and talked everything over in 17—, and how many dishes of tea they partook of, not to speak of other genteel regales, as 'plumb-cake,' cherry-brandy, and Canary wine! Everything is timed to take place 'before dinner-time,' 'at supper,' 'in the eating-room.' Sometimes the 'Compleat' lover courts his fair with 'Ah! Madam,' sometimes with 'My dear Angel,' when she, like the deathless milkmaid, will reply, 'Kind Sir.' A runaway 'prentice somewhat oddly addresses his offended father as 'My worthy Friend.'

The most unrelieved piece of flatness to be found in three Compleat Letter-Writers is entitled 'A Merry Letter,' and begins, 'Heroical Spirit,—To remedy our separation I have found no better way than to call for a cup of rubicular. We Ruriculars are very' and so on. Compleat Letter-Writers joke with deefficulty. Almost as weariful is 'The Somersetshire Man's Clownish Letter in their own Country Language.' From several indications we may believe that to the cockney scribblers of the decades following the publication of *Tom Jones* an artificial Zummerzethshire represented the one and only serviceable dialect.

Thomas Chapman fairly walks away from all competitors in the delicate art of composing 'Courses' of 'Cards of Compliment.' These elegant trifles form an appendix to every Compleat Letter-Writer, but in no other is there one to equal the following:—

'MISS KNIGHT'S compliments, should be glad of Mr. Cox's company to pick a bit of dinner with her.'

It is a gem of purest ray serene. John Tavernier has nothing better to offer in this line than :

‘Mrs. Chedworth’s respects (compliments she has done with) to Miss Charlton, and an airing will not be amiss. If not engag’d, the coach shall be at the door at two.’

Among the epistolary *codes civils* the needs of children were not overlooked. Seeing that schoolboys’ letters are traditionally written under Mrs. Pipchin’s or Doctor Blimber’s direct eye, the model letters—exempt from this source of inspiration—appear by comparison easy and unconstrained. They testify to the fact that the eighteenth-century boy had a considerable knack in ‘soliciting’ pocket-money—which was to be very literally *pocket-money* in the following letter :—

‘Dear Mama,—I am much obliged to papa and you for thinking on me ; the taylor took measure of me yesterday, and promises me my new cloaths by next Sunday : I shall examine every pocket in hopes of finding a blessing from dear mama, whose tenderness and spirit, I am persuaded, will not permit her to let her boy appear less than others, &c.—Your dutiful Obby.’

This smart youth reappears on a more melancholy occasion :—

‘Dear Papa,—All my schoolfellows admire my new dress, and I must own nothing can fit neater : the taylor has done me justice : but the colour and the occasion, my dear sister Betsy’s death, make me hate’ &c.

Clearly the young Obadiah had a weakness for fine ‘cloaths,’ for he is subsequently described in a girl-cousin’s letter as being ‘the same jemmy fellow as ever, and spends more time in admiring a pair of pumps or new fashioned buckles than any task that is appointed him.’

Compleat Letter-Writers would have come, no doubt, under Lamb’s ban against ‘things in books’ clothing,’ and been skyed with the Court Calendars, Draught Boards, and Paley’s Philosophy of his collection. Yet for some of us there rests on every believable reflection of the modes and manners of our ancestors what they themselves might have called a *je ne sais quoi* of attractiveness. If these Letter-Writers were never, in the strict and carping sense, literature, at least they were well thumbed in their long-ago hour, and their authors might e’en have availed themselves of Swift’s droll words in recommending the *Polite Conversation*, ‘Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of the snarling Brood burst with Envy at the Praises we receive from Court and Kingdom.’

F. M. PARSONS.

## *The Poet Bird.*

A BIRD came down from the blue,  
 And nobody guessed where his home might be.  
 He lit on the topmost bough of a tree,  
 And out of the heart of his heart sang he  
 A song that was clear and new.

In the morning air there floats  
 A melody fresh ; and a glad surprise  
 Has flashed on the soul of each bird that flies,  
 For each one the music can recognise—  
 Can claim as his own the notes.

‘ My brother,’ the Blackbird said,  
 ‘ Your lyrical carol my temper suits :  
 You tell of the sweetness of summer fruits  
 In the selfsame measure my dark love flutes  
 When dreaming of cherries red.’

The small Wren listened and spoke :  
 ‘ I hear the Good-night that I sing the best  
 To cheer my brown little mate on her nest,  
 As I settle my feathers before I rest  
 Among the roots of the oak.’

The Robin said, ‘ None but I,  
 O Singer unknown, ever sang so clear  
 The glory and grief of the fading year  
 And the sad surmise of the winter near,  
 Till your voice rang from on high.’

*THE POËT BIRD.*

The Willow-wren cried, 'I hear  
A cadence as if from my own small bill—  
A chiming of bells, and a falling trill  
Of laughter of children beyond the hill ;  
The voice is mine, it is clear.'

The Nightingale listened long :  
'Ah, brother, that passionate strain I know—  
The bliss, the regret, the triumph, the woe,  
The surges of loving—the ebb, the flow—  
I tell them all in my song.'

The Sedge-bird opened his beak :  
'This hurried outpouring, I know it well,  
For time is but short, with so much to tell ;  
The language is mine, ever since the shell  
Was broken to let me speak.'

To each of them came the word.  
The manifold carol was clear to all ;  
The music rang true to great and to small,  
And each of the birds as his own may recall  
The voice of the Poet Bird.

E. HUBBARD.



## *Untrodden Ways.*

THERE is a tract of country in the far West of England which to me will always be Arcadia, its river 'sandy Ladon,' its mountains 'old Lycæus and Cyllene hoar,' though they bear far other names in the last Ordnance map. It is indeed a unique land, unique in its wild life, in its inhabitants, in its old-world houses and the old-world furniture in them. And its interests are inexhaustible. Some quaint saying, some word obsolete in less conservative districts, some strange superstition which still holds its grip upon the people, some snatch of an old ballad, some archaic implement of husbandry long since superseded in an outside world of high farming and neat hedges—such things as these are for ever being discovered as we go in and out among its little homesteads, echoes of vanished centuries vibrating still for those who love to bless ages past, and are not at all desirous of ages to come.

It is a land of hills, of small fields with tall hedges, a land of oaks—I hardly remember one elm, that stately weed of a neighbouring county—a land of streams and little woods, a land of small farms and old farmhouses with deep stone porches under which men sit in the summer eventide, wearied with the day's work, and speculate, unwearied, on the work of the morrow. At its lowest elevation it is five hundred feet above sea level, and from thence slopes up another four hundred feet, and sinks into a narrow valley watered by a bright little brook, and then ascends once more, covered by small fields and dotted with lonely white houses, to the long line of the Black Mountains which here form the barrier between England and Wales. And to the fact that it is a portion of the Marches, the border-land of the West with a stirring historical past, not inferior in interest to the past of the Scotch border, and only lacking its great minstrel to make it famous, the district owes at least some of its charm. But although a Scott may seem needed to immortalise this border-

land, it is yet Wordsworth that we read here and not Scott. Wordsworth strikes its true key-note, and reveals to us its deepest charms. Armour does not gleam, plumes do not wave before our mind's eye, as we wander over these lonely hills; the little river—

No longer mail-clad warriors ride  
Along its wild and willowed shore.

The immediate scene, the hills, woods, sky, the thin smoke from cottage chimneys, the sad still music of humanity, and in some moods outward things alone—

No need of a remoter charm  
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.

And this was my feeling when I last visited Arcadia. For it was May, and in May we need only to *see*; we have no time to think. All months in the year supply materials for studies in human or in antiquarian interests, for dreamings over a great past, but there is one month in the year when nature imperatively demands all our eyes and ears—May with its life and stir, its glow of resurrection, its lengthening days which are yet not half long enough for all there is to see, its thousand nameless charms, its surprises, its hopefulness, its prodigal growth of flowers and grass, its eager haste, its joyfulness, its songs—each day something new, as old as the spring, perhaps, and yet new to-day, something that was not there yesterday—a bird, a flower, a fern unfolding its green coils, a butterfly, a bird's nest, a bird's song. There is no monotony in joyful May, and in May let us visit Arcadia, imprison some of its gladness, make that gladness, that freshness, our own; lay it by in store for days when leaves are faded, nests deserted—*vacuæ sedes et inania arcana*—for cloudy and dark days.

In recalling May in this pleasant wilderness, birds seem to be the most pervading of all living things, and because there is no rookery within many miles, we hear their songs to great advantage. For rooks do not love the hard, unbreakable oak twigs, and place none of their communities among those trees. No loud, harsh, yet pleasant cawings drown the voices of the more delicate songsters. Rooks are not on our list of Arcadian birds.

And indeed the vacancies in that list are not the least remarkable part of it. We have many birds which are really rare in other districts, but one or two exceedingly common ones

are altogether or almost unknown here : the brown bunting and the skylark for examples. By the brook we miss the gaudy kingfisher and the little brown sedge warbler, but we have sandpipers, rare in many districts, singing their wild sweet songs as they flit low over the meadows by the babbling stream ; and water-ousels are there too, curtseying on the great boulders, and uttering that monotonous *chac, chac, chac* which in May seems to take the place of their winter song.

In the many little woods, the ripples or brakes of these western counties, we find that the three charming warblers, the *Phylloscopi* of the learned, are really numerous, although in the open spaces by the brookside we are little aware of their existence. The first to arrive is the chiffchaff, whose two notes are familiar to us all. The willow wren follows with its thin and but little varied song, ending, however, in a *diminuendo* which is really beautiful—'the dying fall' of which Mr. Burroughs writes so happily. The wood wren is the last of the three cousins to arrive, but it is the most numerous of the three. It has two curiously distinct songs, the first a *twee, twee, twee*, going off into a trill, easy, laughing, joyous, says White of Selborne, with his rare knack of description ; the other a monotonous yet musical whistle on one note, repeated rapidly five or six times. And still lingering among the warblers, we have the whitethroat singing and flitting upwards from every green budding hedge, and from one corner of the wood comes the hurrying chatter of the so-called garden warbler. But we must go there to seek it ; we shall not hear it singing from every tree as do the three *Phylloscopi*. More numerous than the garden warbler is the lesser whitethroat. Its song begins with a *chippa, chippa, chippa*, the trill or shake of the bird books, and runs on into a strain which can only be likened to the notes of a blackcap sung *sotto voce*. But the blackcap is a more brilliant songster than any of those yet mentioned. It plays on the *vox jubilante* stop, lively, brilliant, joyous. When White of Selborne heard its song a hundred years ago it brought to his mind the wild bird's merry note of *As you like it*, and it is still unchanged, still wild, still jubilant for us as it was for him ; age cannot stale its infinite beauty. Even a bird's song may link us to the past.

That shrubbery where the blackcap sings is a very paradise of birds. There, any May morning, we can hear the wood wren, willow wren, chiffchaff, tomtit, blackbird, garden warbler, redstart, missel thrush, robin, perhaps see a nuthatch fly across with

its harsh resonant notes preceding it, hear from the near wood the bubbling cry of the wryneck, or the strange shivering sound made by the spotted woodpecker. But this woodpecker is rare here, while its cheerful cousin with the garnet head is delightfully common. Aggressive missel thrushes have driven the song thrushes to the extreme edges of the shrubbery, and we miss their melody; but the song of the missel thrush has its admirers. The strain somewhat resembles that of a blackbird, but, while a blackbird plays on that boxwood flute beloved by us all, the missel thrush grates on a scannel pipe of wretched straw, from which it can get no tone, no richness, no effect.

And this year, although beyond its limits, a nightingale is singing in Arcadia, singing among some underwood by the side of a little stream 948 feet above sea level, and yet warm because sheltered and sunny. This bird's song has been, we are told, overpraised, but again and again, after listening to a whole chorus of summer songsters, that music has burst on my ear, easy, careless, and yet so finished, and all other songs have become poor, lacking that something which places it above all bird music. Milton, with his curious accuracy and felicity of word, has best described it: 'Those liquid notes that close the eye of day.' Its liquidity, if one may use the word, is unequalled among bird voices; and the sudden silences, flashes of silence, amid the thick fast warble are quite mysterious in their charm.

The place of the skylark in our May chorus is taken by the tree pipit, a bird with some lark-like notes and a lark-like love of ascending towards the sky. There is an oak tree standing in a waste of green mowing grass—green we call it, but it is spangled over with white daisies, shaded over with brown plantain blooms—an oak tree, black branches, green boughs, against a waste of blue, through which swifts scream with all summer in their notes. Whenever I pass that tree in May, I seem to hear the brilliant notes of a tree pipit—notes which remind us now of a caged canary, and now of a wild soaring lark—and to see him singing from the highest bough or soaring still higher in the air and dropping back with wings extended to his perch, somewhat as does a lark when he nears his home upon the ground.

The long May days are indeed not half long enough for all there is to see and hear. Leaving the stream and the more cultivated fields there is that sea of yellow gorse on the airy uplands, where the whinchats are singing their queer unfinished little songs. Their patchy harlequin plumage fades among the

brilliant yellow around, and they are as little observable as if they wore the dullest of all bird liveries. In the corner of one of these gorse fields by a little rill on May 3 and 4 of this year I heard a grasshopper warbler, but it was heard there no more, and was, I fear, only resting before going on to some more favourite haunt. In another such field the nightjar had arrived by May 11. As I go past, a pair of them rise unwillingly from the bare baked earth between the bushes and flit sullenly away with silent owl-like flight, only to sink down into the nearest patch of gorse, disgusted with sunlight and disturbance. But they do not confine themselves to gorse fields. Another pair frequent an idyllic wood called Pont-y-kefel, and there, on a tall oak, one sits in its longitudinal fashion and *whirrs* almost before the sun has gone down and far into the night with none to fray it away.

Descending into the green valley below this hilly ground other and stranger birds are to be seen. Here come the beautiful curlews, birds which of late years have been much increasing in numbers. In May they are very tame, allowing us to come within a few yards of them, and uttering only a little contented sound, which is very different to the July call-note when the young birds are about. I have not yet made out if the golden plovers, sometimes shot with the grouse in August, are birds migrating from some northern latitude or if they have nested here. For the mountain is wide, and although I know that blackcock and ring ousels are found in the sheltered dingles, and wheatears by hundreds on the open wastes, we may walk there for a long hour and see no birds at all. But the stillness of the mountain side—‘the silence that is among the hills’—is very striking. No sound but the wind that tore the bent and whistled through the stunted gorse, and from far away faint echoes of bird songs, which we had left behind among green hedges and shady trees—this is the recollection which we bring away after a mountain walk. And after a stretch of these steep wastes, covered now with brown grass and gorse, which delays to clothe itself in its golden raiment, the greenness of the valley below, watered as it is by the streams that run among the hills, is almost startling. Half an hour before it had seemed but an ordinary view; now the green is vivid, the white-washed lonely houses dazzling, the very sky more blue than its wont to eyes which have been gazing on almost colourless wastes.

Birds naturally fill much of our thoughts in an Arcadian May because their songs are seldom out of our ears; but the infinite splendours of the silent flowers and of the trees with the tender

bloom of spring upon them may well rival the birds' music. The white stellaria is the most common and the most showy of our spring flowers; and with forget-me-nots it makes a beautiful table decoration, and, like the forget-me-not, expands and grows or at least strengthens in water, and lasts well when picked. The stellaria is the flower of the hedgerows. Dense masses of it cover the dryer banks throughout May, and towards the end of the month the grand fool's parsley is decorating the damper hedges, sometimes overtopping the lower ones, so rank, so luxuriant is its glad growth. Then come the beautiful pink campion, spikes of yellow archangel, large dog violets, rich gold suns of the dandelion which has much ado to push upward amid so many taller things, buttercups, golden broom, dyer's green weed with its yellow leaves but the flowers are not yet out, purple and pink vetches, marguerites—but why go on? I picked twenty different flowers in a few yards of hedgerow bank this May in Arcadia.

These are the flowers of the hedgerows; but no less varied is the growth of the woods. There the open spaces are blue with wild hyacinths. Pick one of these and it has no perceptible smell; but when the wind blows over a bed of them, it gathers up a delightful fragrance which is quite perceptible in the mass. Dog's mercury is a somewhat aggressively pervading woodland plant, but it leaves room for ferns, for pink campions, lowly bugles, nettles (even nettles are dear to us in spring), yellow archangel, a few stellarias though they love the sun, trails of woodbine, of wild roses, and below all the little mosses which smell so sweet after a shower—of some such things as these is the carpet of the woods composed. The meadows have a carpet of another pattern. At the beginning of the month they are spangled over with cowslips, and cowslips are always favourite flowers. They grow so sturdily erect on their straight stalks, they need nothing for their support or for their shelter; children have loved them ever since there were children and cowslips on this earth. And then Shakespeare must have held them in the hand which held the immortal pen; must have picked them in the fields by Stratford, and one day, in idleness, perhaps, he counted the five red spots in their cups, and 'cinque spotted like the crimson drops i' the cowslip' was ready when he needed it.

And yet after all, beautiful as is May with its wealth of resurrecting life, its birds' songs, its little flowers uplifting glad heads



towards the sunlight, it is the human interest of my Arcadia which makes it unique; and here Wordsworth helps us. At first it may be, with us as with him, these shepherds, dwellers in the valley and along the bleak mountain side, were

Loved, not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills  
Which are their occupation and abode.

But we look deeper and we see what he taught us to see in an extreme form in the *Old Cumberland Beggar* and in *Resolution and Independence*, how poverty may become dignified, almost stately; may be beautified, raised, under wide skies and amid green fields; poverty without the degradation, the blank unloveliness, which seem to be its inseparable portion in great cities.

In a former paper on this district I spoke of an old man whom I then called Thomas. That was indeed a name 'fantastic, insubstantial, like Henry Pimpernel or old John Naps of Greece,' but the man was no phantom. But, alas, he who had looked back into the past so often at our questioning, he who had revived for us the Arcadia of our grandfathers, can tell us no more now. Once he told us how a little boy, seventy years before, had been sent out to do his first day's work. He went to it gaily as boys will—went gaily into that penal servitude for life. He had to drive the oxen to the plough, great tall creatures who looked down contemptuously on the little atom of humanity who was to guide them. 'I was that little, they wouldn't mind me,' he said; and they having taken his small measure, got promptly into the 'clover patch' instead of to the plough. After vain efforts to resume authority, the eight-years old labourer sat down and cried. It was the first act in the life work of nearly eighty years. Through those long years he worked on uncomplaining as the tired horse in the furrow; and one day came a stroke. No more reminiscences now, for he was speechless. One evening a few weeks later, the neighbours, always good to him as country folks are to each other, left him sitting by the low fire; an hour after, when they wended their slow way to him again, he was stretched on the floor by the threshold dead.

Thus died old Thomas as many another has died. Decades of hard work had brought him no easier lot, no easier end. The fell sergeant had left him indeed but little time between his long life of work and the last arrest; little time for pining restlessness, and that perhaps was much. He had always seemed to me to be

a type of the best Arcadian of seventy years ago: of poverty ennobled. Upright, sober, dignified, *sæva indignatio* never tore his heart although his lot might seem, if a man's life consist in the things he possesses, hardly better than that of the oxen he had driven to the plough. His theology? It was very simple. 'If the Lord do send nothing to prevent' was often in his mouth; and if he had no vivid spiritual experiences, he had a remarkable sense of right and wrong, and even of what was fitting. One day he told us of a man who kept a few beagles which he hunted with a scratch pack belonging to some squireen of bygone days. His wife objected on the score of expense; 'why not keep a pig?' she asked, 'twould be of some use.' Lowering his voice as he told this part of the story, he almost whispered, 'I don't like to use the word as he did, but 'twas summatt worst than, "*Drat* the woman! I can't hunt with a pig!'"

Each of these lonely pathetic old houses seems to bear about it the dignity of some sorrow, the crook in the lot. Here is a farm for which I might take Wordsworth's picture of a Cumberland homestead word for word—the grey stone walls, the house which seems rather to have grown than to have been erected, to have risen by an instinct of its own out of the native rock, its wildness, its beauty—all is as he has drawn it for us. An old widower lives here, a trim fresh figure dressed in homespun, in blue stockings, his grandfather might have worn just such a suit. He and his sleek well-to-do cat are the only occupants of the house now, but it is as bright and clean as in days when his wife used to bustle about in it. 'It was uncommon lone,' he said at intervals; and his conscientious neatness seemed a daily offering to her memory: all must be as she left it. He opened a chest of drawers and showed us her last piece of work—a patchwork quilt. 'And that's her box of patterns,' and as he displayed the poor pieces of coloured stuffs, carefully laid up by her for the work she had never finished, he gave a little laugh to relieve the o'erfraught heart, a laugh of something between pleasure and pain. 'It is lone here,' came like the refrain of some old ballad, and all his thoughts seemed running back to her. Without a word he presently went upstairs and brought down her 'death card' as he called it, showing it with modest pride and with tears. As we passed out there was the stone bench to see, a bench which his own hands had put up for her and where she used to sit and sew and watch his comings and goings. Flowers bloomed all around it; a peony with twenty 'bosses' on it was among them.

It was all so beautiful; the flowers, the tender remembrances, the ready utterance. Truly simplicity has not yet spread its holy wings and altogether left the earth. It lives yet in Arcadia if there is no room for it in crowded ways.

Then, a little onward, we come to another picturesque old stone house, its big kitchen cool and dark as we enter it from out of the May sunshine. But the old farmer is blind. 'It was very daunting,' he said in his patient voice, 'for he used to like to go up the hill and see the blows (the flowers). May and June were the finest months in the year, he did think.' His farm is close to the old ruined chapel of an alien priory, dismantled as long ago as the reign of Edward II., but the spirits of inhabitants long passed from earth hover around it still. 'Did you ever see any ghosts there, Mr. Beaven?' 'No,' said doubtfully; but he did believe as there was them who could see them and them as could not see them. He did believe things *were* seen in the abbey—for so it is still proudly called—folks had said as they had seen them, however. What were they like? Like large ladies, he did suppose. Nor need this surprise us, although the priory was one of monks and had 'ten choir brothers and three brothers who were priests,' this little lodge in the wilderness. For perhaps the monks when they revisit the glimpses of the moon may look like 'large ladies' to mortal eyes unaccustomed to the habits of the old religious. While this psychical conversation goes on, a bright little damsel had been moving about the great kitchen, had brought in wood to the fire, had hung a black kettle over it on a veritable pothook and hanger, and had set out tea on the long oak table. All around were remnants of old times—a sword with which Mr. Beaven's father had armed himself against the First Napoleon, when all England was arming against him who never came, oak chests, oak chairs, oak settle, brass candlesticks, treasures which would make all Wardour Street clap its hands for joy. But the poor owner of these things could see them no more, nor the hills, nor the flowers and the sunshine which he loved. The infinite sadness of it, I think, as I look back at the old house, at the resting horses in the field turning patient heads to see when their unrewarded toil begins again, at the old dog, half blind, toothless, coming slowly through the yard; the infinite sadness even under a blue sky, the May sunshine all around. . . .

Many minor interests crowd to our mind as we recall these old houses, the lives lived in these untrodden ways. The curious links with a vanished past, the possibilities of hitching on to that

past as we cannot do in crowded streets where man must be up to date if he is to be anything, these things make the district and its inhabitants altogether *sui generis*. For railways bring the world near to most country places; here we have no railways within measurable distance, and here we find the England of a hundred years ago, indeed the England of more years ago even than that, in full swing to-day. Many of the little cottages are hereditary holdings with tenures which have a mediæval aspect, and which are indeed relics of feudality. Here men are content to see a paper once a week or not at all; here they take their time from a walking postman, and if they miss him in devious field ways, they 'set the clock by aim' and are content. The very farm implements are those of a bygone world. Threshing machines do indeed make their slow rounds from farm to farm, but the monotonous thud of the flail is to be heard yet in still autumn days, when the gossamers float from the hedges; and in the illustrated edition of Green's *History of the English People* is a woodcut from an illumination of the middle fourteenth century which might be a drawing of a two-wheeled cart here known as a 'gambo;' while for the likeness of the 'wheel-car,' used for hauling brushwood and light timber, and two-wheeled like the gambo, we may look successfully in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts.

It is a fallacy to suppose that schools and schoolmasters are driving out the remnants of Tudor English which remain in country places. Schools and schoolmasters have very little hold on the childish mind when school hours are over—'there's comfort yet'—and as we go in and out among these old homesteads we come upon many a word which when found in Shakespeare is rudely classed by annotators as 'obsolete.' I might fill many lines with a list of such words, but a few examples will suffice.

Instead of 'he owns it,' 'he do owe it' or 'he owes it' is in common use here; and we shall all remember without any prompting—

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday.

'Afeard' again is universal; and it may safely be said that in nine cases out of ten Shakespeare uses this form of the word instead of the now usual 'afraid.' 'I'd as lief be wooed of a snail,' says the charming Rosalind in *As you like it*, of the tardy Orlando; and 'I'd as lief or 'I'd liefer' is heard here on every hand. The

verb 'to pleach' is in common use, and it recalls such beautiful things—

. . . the pleached bower  
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter,

and 'the thick pleach'd alley in my orchard' of Claudio, or the 'canopied with bowers' of *Twelfth Night*. Pleaching hedges is one form of its use; but 'to be pleached' is a sort of Arcadian slang for 'getting married,' as the phrase here goes.

A curious word is 'fenege,' which I cannot help believing is Shakespeare's 'renege,' for we are but little particular as to the sound of a letter or so in Arcadia. To fenege, for your more sweet understanding, reader, is to give up doing something which has been promised; 'he feneged to go' means that he broke his engagement to go; and though Knight's *Shakspeare* tells us that to renege is to deny, there would be little difficulty, in the well-known passage in *King Lear*, in making the word mean exactly what fenege expresses with us:

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters.

Turning to *Henry IV.*, Falstaff asks, 'Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?' Mouching, a form of the same word, is used for playing truant from school; while blackberries, known too often to village pedagogues as the innocent cause of the mouching, are mouchers too. To be 'pretty sprag' or 'sprack' is to be pretty well, lively; and young William blundering over his accidence in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* 'is a good sprag memory.' Then the little beds before the cottages, so bright with red marjoram and honesty and a hundred old-fashioned things, are 'flower knots'; and the gardener in *Richard II.* speaks of England's

fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disordered;

and there is the 'curious knotted garden' of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Other old words crowd to my remembrance. Spenser's 'snaggy oak' is here a 'stoggle oak'; a wet or muddy place is a 'slough,' recalling Bunyan's 'Slough of Despond'; and a boggy place is, appropriately enough, a soke. A little rippling stream has the pretty name of a 'prill'; a long, narrow wood is a 'langet,'

'slinget,' or 'linget.' And is not 'boosey' an unusual word, in agriculture at least? The lettings, here called 'settings' or 'takings,' are at Candlemas; and the outgoing tenant may keep his outbuildings and one or more pastures, called the 'boosey' pastures, until May to feed his cattle. A 'boosey' is also the name for the manger in the 'beast-house,' another delightful old word which is found in sixteenth-century writers, and nowhere else—except in Arcadia.

But not to weary my readers, although the list of these words is by no means exhausted, let me tell of but one more word and one old custom linked to it. To the little whitewashed church of the district, gleaming from among dark yew trees, village mourners still go dutifully a month after a funeral to keep what they call 'the month's end' or 'the month's mind.' Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says, 'I see you have a month's mind to them;' and perhaps few readers of Shakespeare dream that the custom to which she refers and the name are still living amongst us.

I spoke of this as a wilderness, thinly peopled, and with but few houses, and they far apart. But a friend corrected me when I made this statement as to its loneliness, telling me that, if we listen to the stories told by the few inhabitants, we shall believe that every lane, wood, and dingle is haunted by presences, seen or unseen—unseen, indeed, by all 'morning children,' for it is only the fortunate ones who begin their earthly career before midnight who have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, for the sights and sounds fantastical which exist even when neither seen nor heard. And the scenery lends itself to phantasy—quiet hills, lonely ways, deserted houses with their own pathos, old footpaths across the upland:

Seest thou the little path  
That winds about the fernie brae?  
It is the road to bonnie elfland,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

Phantasy is all around us; the names are full of phantasy. There, in the sheltered hollow, is the 'Pwca farm,' the farm of the elves; 'Hobie Lane,' the lane of the hobgoblin, leads to it; and the will-o'-the-wisp is the 'hobie lantern' still. Exceedingly mysterious, too, is the sound, as of wind, which is heard among the mountains when the air is still and calm, and which surely foretells a storm. It is known as the 'Hiren,' a word of which I



can give no explanation, unless it is the name of some spirit of the hills.

Sounds play as large a part in the legends of this country-side as do appearances. There is a tumulus below the mountain of unknown age, and revealing tokens of having been used as a burying-place at many different times, known as 'Twm-y-beddau,' the hill of graves. Charcoal and ashes, bones inclosed in rough stone chambers, a celt, some flint flakes, pieces of iron, a small coin of the Lower Roman Empire, have come to light here; and here, so the country people will tell you, the rushing of horses may be heard at mirk midnight, 'hoofs thick beating' on the hollow hill, sounds of a long-lost battle echoing on through the years in fields where once it was fought.

There are two sets of superstitions here, if I may so speak: those of the hill country—*i.e.* the little fringe of fields clinging to the edge of the wild hills—and these are the most picturesque; and those of the low country around the hills. But one superstition, peculiar to the month of May, is common to both districts. Over many a cottage door you see a neatly cut cross, St. Andrew's or Latin, of birch wood, or in some cases a bunch of birch twigs only. If you ask the meaning thereof, you will be told that they are put up upon May Eve 'to keep off the witches;' also that they may be taken down at any time during the month, although they generally remain up until the following spring. 'I might pull them down now if I'd a mind,' said one old dame to me on May 15, with a glad confidence in their efficacy being established, in the potent charm having done its work. But if I proceed to ask what witches may be, and why the house needs protection against them, I shall hear no more; neither, when sheep die on the mountain, and the men say gravely, 'Tis the planets, I suppose,' can I ever learn what this planet stroke may mean.

I am often struck with the similarity between the superstitions of this western border and the northern one. As an illustration, one out of many which might be given, let me return to one of old Thomas's reminiscences. There was a farmer when he was a lad, who used to go out coursing, a diversion which was more common then than now. One of the boys who worked on the farm could always start a hare for him when no one else could. Other boys might beat the bushes in vain, but Will could always find for them. 'But the curious thing was that they never killed the hare as that boy started. Once a greyhound ran a hare very near, and I suppose the boy called out, "Run, granny, or the

dog'll have you!" and she wasn't caught that time neither. They did say his granny was a witch and the boy did know where she was hid in a bush.' Now the counterpart of this story appears in the notes to the Ettrick Shepherd's Poems. A boy there offers to start a hare if the sportsmen will give him a guinea and the black greyhound to hold. The guinea was paid and a hare started, but the hounds were baffled and gave up the chase, when one of the party suddenly cut the leash which held the black greyhound. At this mischance the boy lost all caution and all recollection, and cried out, 'Huy, mither, rin! hay, rin, ye auld witch, if ever ye ran i' your life! rin, mither, rin!'

The witch stories are mostly told in the low country, while on the hillside fancy takes a bolder flight, and we hear of phantom fires, great black dogs, mad swine, ghosts 'booming' on the mountain. Some bold unbelievers do exist among us certainly. There is old Charlotte, whose mother was said to be a witch, and she has a word to say about the appearances at the ruined abbey in the valley. She had seen none on them, and wasn't afraid to pass it at any time of day or night. She knows there is nothing worse than herself there. But as a rule these superstitions have a real hold on the people. We hear of them from strong, stalwart men, shrewd enough in things of this world, and as we hear we seem to be in a land of dreams, of visions, far back in other centuries. What can we say, what think, confronted with this perpetual problem—common sense, and almost childish hallucinations, combined not in an individual, but in a whole race? Have they all eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? Is it a form of mental disease? Is this what must become of our dreams and of our visions? 'Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances,' says Charles Lamb, 'why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you?' and we are half unwilling to endeavour to account for what so links us to the minds of other days; half unwilling to allow that they are unreal, phantastical.

H. C. TROLLOPE.

## *At the Sign of the Ship.*

'MY DEAR UNCLE' (writes my nephew at Swishborough), 'I have been birched again. I don't mind it, merely as a swishing, but I do think it is a beastly shame. You write in the papers, so that Brown *secundus* told me I had a relation who was a rotten *penialiner*, but I said you were a littery character, like Guy Boothby and Fergus Hume, but the other fellows said they had never heard of you, and I didn't know the names of any of your books. Anyway, if you know the Editor of the *Pink Un*, or *The Times*, I wish you would take up my case, for it is a lot worse than old Dreyfus's, and ought to be *exposed*. And we all think you might make no end of a splash, like old Zola, by taking it up, and getting it into Print, if you can, besides it would make the fellows hear of *you*, which nobody has but Brown *secundus*, and they think I am *gassing*, when I say you are littery.

\* \* \*

'You see it was like this: it is not much history they bother us with, but I am on the Modern Side—I know you think it is *low*—but it is not such a grind as Greek. So, for a holiday task, I had to write about Sir William Wallace, a Scotch Johnny, and, of course, I didn't look at it till the last day, and then I cribbed it all out of the history book, by a fellow called —,¹ and it says in the Preface, that "it may be useful to the higher forms of schools." As I am still in the Lower Fourth, I thought it safe to crib from; we doing Mrs. Markham. In one way it *was* safe, for old Macnab didn't know where I got the stuff, out of a printed book, and thought I was rotting him, and that I wrote it out of pure cheek. And he said there "were more mistakes in my essay than the words admitted of," and he lammed it into me, and yet I took it all out of a printed book, *History of England*, published by a sportsman called Arnold, in 1895. It is all on

¹ I omit the author's name.

page 167, and you can look it up, if you don't believe me. I began by saying (of course cribbing from the book) that the Scots in 1297 "felt that their king and nobles had betrayed them to the foreigner—for to many of them, notably the Highlanders, the Galloway men, and the Welsh of Strathclyde, the Englishman still seemed foreign."

\* \* \*

'Well, that's where Macnab had me first, for he asked me if I was such a jolly juggins (only he put it different) as to think the Highlanders were on the Scotch side in the row? It seems they were *not*, though one would have expected it. Then he asked me why on earth I said there were Welsh in Strathclyde, in 1297, and it *does* seem rum, if you look at the map, and he said not a word of Welsh had been heard in Ayr, or Renfrew, or Lanark for hundreds of years, in 1297, and that it was like my cheek. But I took it out of the book.

\* \* \*

'Then I put in (cribbing from the book), "In the autumn of 1297 an insurrection broke out in the West Lowlands, headed by a Strathclyde squire, named William Wallace." Macnab gave me three for *that*, for Wallace wasn't a squire, he said, and he lived in Renfrewshire, and he said I might as well call a Berwickshire squire's son "a laird of Bernicia," and the insurrection didn't break out in autumn, but in May. Then I went on (still cribbing, I cribbed the whole bag of tricks), "He had been wronged by the Sheriff of Lanark, took to the hills, and was outlawed." Macnab said he—I mean Wallace—cut the sheriff's throat, and burned the town, but how could *I* know that, it isn't in the book. Then I said "he had been joined by none of the Barons," meaning Wallace hadn't, for the book said so, and Macnab asked me if the Steward of Scotland and Sir William Douglas and Robert Bruce were not good enough Barons for me? They do sound rather baronial, but you see the book did not mention them, in fact said they kept out of the scrimmage. However, they were in the ruction, and the Bishop of Glasgow too, only I thought the Scotch were Dissenters. However I lay low, for Macnab's blood was up at me; he not knowing I took it all out of a printed book.

\* \* \*

'Next I said that the English general, one Warenne (whom the book called "The Regent," and I caught it for *that*), "marched

carelessly out of Stirling to attack Wallace," and got licked on the bridge, and "withdrew into Stirling." Then old Macnab said, "He withdrew into *Berwick*," which, it seems, is a good long way off. Then I went on, cribbing from the book, "Wallace and the Earl of Moray, Seneschal of Scotland, were proclaimed wardens of the realm," and then Macnab said, "Boy, stop that unutterable nonsense! Andrew Murray, *Esquire*, was *not* Earl of Moray, he was killed at Stirling, and could not be Warden *afterwards*. And don't you know what the Seneschal of Scotland means?" And I didn't. And he said *Senescallus*, or *Seneschal*, meant *Steward of Scotland*, and the Steward was Sir James Stewart, an ancestor of the Queen's, or words to that effect, and Andrew Murray, Esquire, was not Earl of Moray, his father being alive, anyhow, and he being dead! and a Murray couldn't be a Stewart, and that I had made more mistakes than the words admitted of, and then he swished me, and I sha'n't go cribbing from that book again, thank you!

\* \*

'The book *may* be "useful to the higher forms of schools," but it does not pay in the Lower Fourth. Now what I say, and all the fellows say, is, that one should not be licked for saying what is in a printed book, and we think there may be something against it in Magna Charta, and, anyway, it is a beastly shame, and if you don't funk getting a year, like old Zola, you should put it in print. For why shouldn't the book know a jolly lot better than old Macnab? and either Macnab is wrong, or the book, and somebody should be pitched into, not me, not that *I* mind, only it is not just. I'm jolly glad cricket is coming in, and you said you would give me a Bat, and I am your affectionate Nephew,

T. CRIB.'

\* \*

I have compared the passage in 'the printed book' with my nephew's artless statements, and I must side with the severe Mr. Macnab. The most extraordinary remark is 'Wallace and the Earl of Moray, Seneschal of Scotland, were proclaimed Wardens of the realm.' There was a Sir Andrew de Moray. He was then in the Tower. There was his son, Andrew de Moray, Esquire. He fell at Stirling (September 11, 1297). There was a baby of Andrew's, but he was not yet born. None of these can have been warden just *after* September 11, 1297. None of them was an earl. None of them was a Stewart. None but a Stewart could

be 'Seneschal of Scotland.' No ; I don't wonder that my kinsman suffered. But if any historian will compare the date of the birth of the son of Andrew Stewart, Esquire, with the date of the decease of Andrew Stewart, Esquire, he will, perhaps, begin to think that something is wrong, somewhere, in document 1178, volume ii., of Mr. Bain's calendar. Perhaps the British jury which decided that Andrew Murray died on September 11, 1297, at Stirling, meant that he died at Falkirk, which would make everything plain sailing. For, in fact, two documents represent Andrew as being alive a month or two after September 11, though they do not call him Warden of Scotland.

\* \*

Almost every one is interested in dreams, and so Mlle. Manacéine's book on 'Sleep' should be popular.<sup>1</sup> The lady is vastly learned, and if we do not know what 'anabolism' and 'parabolism' mean, we can study her anecdotes. She does not deal in dreams that are fulfilled, so our amusement is not to be called superstitious and degrading. On the other hand, it is deliciously scientific to learn that our ancestors 'floated and swam before they had legs,' and that when we dream of flying, our dreams may be 'some faint atavistic echo from the primeval sea,' wherein we did not fly. This is not superstitious, but it sounds uncommonly like what our ancestors with legs called Fudge. However the lady only quotes the opinion.

\* \*

Seeing pictures with shut eyes when one is half asleep is a pleasant pastime, but it does not appear to be thought healthy. The odd thing is that the pictures usually do not represent known places or faces, though they certainly do so occasionally. Often the faces begin by being pretty, and then shift into every sort of ugliness. Miss Manacéine finds it so herself. Probably other anglers besides myself know what it is to feel a bite (from a fish), or a tug, when just falling asleep, and to wake themselves by striking. The natives of Melanesia angle for flying fish, tying the line to one of their toes. They know this nocturnal bite and have a word for it ; they think it is a kind of ghost of a tug or rise, so Dr. Codrington says. Of course they must use one of those light floating lines, or blow lines, which are employed by the degraded beings who fish with the natural May fly.

<sup>1</sup> Walter Scott.



Our author thinks that we only dream of important events when we have ceased to think about them much. What she *says* is that 'they only enter the psychic life of sleep when they have ceased to occupy acutely the waking consciousness,' but really, it is as easy to write plain English. Probably we cannot lay down a general law. Dickens dreamed of a dead friend every night regularly, 'from the day of her decease, for a long time. On our author's theory he should only have begun to dream of her as his grief abated.

\* \* \*

Out of 381 dreams by six young American girls, 29 per cent. were nice, 57 per cent. were horrid. The proportion can be explained in one word: PIE. Conceive taking statistics of the dreams of 60 imbeciles, 50 normal women, 125 criminals, and 43 ladies of no character. How can the learned philosopher trust the evidence of idiots and so forth, when we all 'lie like dentists' about our dreams? I dreamed lately that the Emperor of France was restored, and that his moustached comrades all smelt dreadfully of cognac. Any Restoration is agreeable to my sentiments, and I said 'Sire, restore the Pope!' But the raffishness of his Majesty's retinue, in my vision, was unspeakable. Now, that is true, but I would not believe it if an idiot, burglar, or lady of no repute told me the anecdote.

\* \* \*

There is still honour among men. Some months ago, I sent certain little objects to half a dozen crystal gazers, amateurs of course. Only one spotted the tragedy connected with the objects, but one other, by an extraordinary coincidence, knew the story. He did not seize the opportunity of pretending to have had a veracious picture in a glass ball. Just think of the temptation! But he was a sportsman, and the instinct of sport was stronger than the love of a practical joke.

\* \* \*

Many idiots do not dream at all. But what idiots they must be not to pretend that they do! 'A very deep sleep does not permit of dreams,' says our author. This is manifestly incorrect. People who move, walk, and talk in their dreams, do not remember *these* dreams, yet they demonstrably were dreaming. On the other hand, they do remember the dreams in which they do not walk or talk. I think I lately published here the story of a lady

known to me, who, being awake, held a conversation with her husband, who was talking in his sleep. Next day he remembered nothing of his dream, though in the dream he gave information, confirmed by next day's newspaper, about an event concerning a person absolutely unknown to him, even by name. This is only one example of the fact that dreams are possible in deep sleep, but are not remembered. People pun in dreams: witness the lady, known to me, who met another lady, to her unknown. 'My name,' said the stranger, 'is as if you had a hare running about, and I asked you to let me fasten it to something.'

'Oh Laetitia Harrop!' said my friend in her dream. (Explanation, offered with regret, 'Let I tie a hare up.')

When awake, my friend is of blameless character, and incapable of punning. But I really cannot believe, with our author, that my friend had a primeval ancestor, who made bad puns, or that 'in our dreams we live over again what our ancestors felt and thought.' This appears to be a form of scientific superstition.

\* \* \*

If it be true, as Dr. Maudsley says, that 'the dramatic power of a dunce in dreaming exceeds that which is displayed by the most imaginative writer in his waking state,' we can only explain the fact on the mystic theory of Karl du Prel. But I don't believe it. Were it true, imaginative writers would hire dunces to dream for them. Our author tells the old, old, son, dead father, dream, and lost title deed's tale, and quotes it from Macario. It is in St. Augustine, and a modern Border version is told by Sir Walter Scott about Rutherford of Bowland. It cannot be always happening, and I fancy it is a myth, but Sir Walter's is far the best form of the yarn.

\* \* \*

We are to have a new Bible, the 'Polychrome Bible.' 'If the People are to get the most possible from the Bible, they must have it in modern idiomatic English.' I hope they will like it in modern English, say newspaper English. The type will be in lots of colours. 'In answer to the cry of the People for more light upon the literary history of the Bible, the distinctive polychrome feature was devised . . . . The People have a right to know the results of these studies,'—Biblical studies. (Advt.) Certainly the people has a right to know, but the people can only know in one way, and that is by reading a great many books of a tedious character,

full of arguments which, for the most part, the people, not being Oriental scholars, or logically minded, cannot possibly estimate at their true value. There is no more a people's path than there is a royal road to learning. The translators are men of learning, I gladly admit, and the Joseph's coat of many colours and bright up-to-date English may attract the people. The people may buy a Polychrome Bible, in twenty parts, at from five to ten shillings a part, and I hope the spelling is not to be American. But if the people, or any one, thinks that the riddle of Biblical criticism is mastered, I congratulate it, or him, on inexperience of misfortune. It hath been my lot, lately, to read a good deal of Biblical criticism, made in Germany. The method is simple, and Teutonic. You have a theory, you accept the evidence of the sacred writers as far as it suits your theory, and, when it does not suit, you say that the inconvenient passage is an 'interpolation.' It *must* be, for, if not, what becomes of your theory? So you print the inconvenient passage in green, I suppose, or what not, and then the people knows all about it. Any one who wishes to see examples may find them in Professor Robertson's *Early Religion of Israel* (pp. 146-148, 205).<sup>1</sup> I know this game well! The Germans have played it with Homer till it would be difficult to find a passage in the *Iliad* which has not been denounced as an 'interpolation,' because it does not fit somebody's theory. This may be 'criticism,' but it is not business—no, not if it is printed in all the colours of the rainbow. If the people really 'wants to know,' if 'the cry of the people is for more light,' let the people begin by reading Professor Robertson's book, where they will find common sense, regard for evidence and for logic, and a disconcerting sense of humour. Then they can go on to Stade, and I hope they will find him as comical a logician as I do.

\* \* \*

A reader who is not an Oriental scholar (as I am none) has no *locus standi* as a critic of Biblical critics, where questions of language arise. But when the Teutonic judges of the Old Testament wander into Anthropology, as they often do, then one knows where to have them. The people, of course, does not know where to have them, and is likely to swallow their statements about 'Animism' and 'Fetishism,' and so on. For instance, they dispute as to Jehovah's name being

<sup>1</sup> Blackwood, 1892.

Indo-Germanic

{ Assyrian  
{ Babylonian

Egyptian

Kenite

Canaanite.

Is it 'the Indo-Germanic root, *div*' ;or Armenian, *Astvat* ;or Babylonian, *Ja-h* ;

or Egyptian	{	<i>Joh</i> (Moon God!)
		or
		<i>Nuk pu nuk</i> (translated) ;

or, is the name of Hebrew origin? 'The People have a right to know.' But nobody knows.

\* \* \*

This pastime has long been played with names like Athene or Artemis. 'The People have a right to know the results of these studies.' There are no results! Nobody is one whit the wiser. Of course I do not mean that there should be no Biblical criticism. But if the people thinks it safe to swallow the variegated theories made in Germany, France, England, or America, the people is wrong, and one can only say *populus vult decipi*. What can we make of criticism when one leader (Stade) says that Israel was never in Egypt, and another leader (Wellhausen) says that Israel *was* in Egypt? It is as if Principal Rhys vowed that the English came from Caithness, or never came at all, while Mr. Freeman maintains that the English came from the Continent. The Egyptian bondage was the corner-stone of Hebrew history. One famous critic takes it away, another leaves it standing, and the people may toss up for it. These are the 'results' for which the people is supposed to be yelling! I have actually observed a critic maintaining that the ideas of the Decalogue must be much later than Moses. They are the ideas of the untutored Australian black fellow, who is certainly not a marvel of *modernité*.

\* \* \*

This is not written in the interests of orthodoxy, but in the interests of ordinary common sense. It is just as provoking to see Homer or Herodotus pulled about by German 'ingenuity' as to see the Bible treated in the same way. But the people are

not 'a hollering and a belling' for a Polychrome Iliad. They let the criticism of Homer go by; they do not care for Homer. For the Bible they do care, and one can only repeat 'Do not swallow theories because they are German.' Polychrome print is no argument.

\* \* \*

I take from Professor Robertson an example of the critical method. Amos the Prophet lived, I presume, in the eighth century before our era. He, according to criticism, was one of the earliest *writers* in Israel. Not to dwell on the problem of the date of the introduction of writing, Amos says *something* (ch. v. 25). What he means 'the People have a right to know,' but, as far as the translation goes, it is impossible to make out what he means. In fact, nobody can make sense of the passage. However, some critics suppose it to imply that the Israelites, during the forty years in the wilderness, were convinced idolaters. This they accept as an historical statement of fact. But, by their own theory, the affair of the forty years in the wilderness, if ever there was such an affair at all, which they doubt, occurred some five centuries before Amos his time—and there was no writing wherein to record the circumstances. Yet, as the idea that the Israelites were steady idolaters, in these remote ages, is pleasant to the critics, they decide, first, that *this* is what Amos means, and, next, that on this point Amos is a competent authority. This is as if I were to say that the Venerable Bede was a good authority for some event that occurred, or did not occur, in Kintyre about 300 A.D. 'It is somewhat peculiar,' says Professor Robertson, 'to find writers who tell us that there was no forty years' wandering in the desert at all accepting the testimony of Amos in regard to the religious practices of a time which he so precisely defines'—that is, the said apocryphal forty years. The joke is that critics differ even as to whether Amos is talking in the past or the future tense. The poor prophet is also supposed to be speaking both unhistorically and also as a good historical authority at one and the same time. We would all like to understand the Old Testament better than we do, but we certainly shall not understand it at all if we go blindly after criticism of this highly consistent and logical description. However, the Polychrome Editors may do better. What makes an Englishman ill is the obviously American advertisement about the cry of the people and the people's right to know what nobody knows. This kind of thing is not knowledge, but opinion, and

very polychrome opinion it is. No colour-box would contain pigments enough to print the contending opinions of critics withal, if one offered a polychrome manual of criticism.

\* \* \*

Concerning cats, Mr. Walter Pollock tells me that *catasthma* is a recognised malady, like hay-fever, and that people may acquire it from the contiguity of cats, even when cats are not known, through any normal channel of sense, to be present. One often knows when a *dog* is in the room, or has been there, without deriving information from the eyes or ears. Mr. Pollock adds the story of a percipient who is 'devoted to all kinds of beasts and birds, including *cats*, by will. But she cannot gratify that will as to cats. She called on me one day in London. I knew of her peculiarity in this way, and, expecting her call, had turned the cats out. She had not been ten minutes in the room when she showed every symptom, very marked, of "hay-fever"—streaming eyes, violent sneezing, *tout le tremblement*. I took it for hay-fever and offered remedies, but she said, "I'm very sorry, for you know I love all animals; but I'm sure there's a cat in the room." There was one, that had slunk back and hidden itself under the sofa where she was sitting.'

\* \* \*

This is proof of *catasthma*, but what one wants proof of is *an undefined horror* caused by the presence, not normally known, of a cat in the room.

ANDREW LANG.



# INDEX

## TO THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

- A. K. H. B., OF ODD NOTIONS, 49  
 Alfred Lord Tennyson, by Andrew Lang, 27  
 Allen (Grant), The Season of the Year, 447  
 Angelo's 'Reminiscences,' by Austin Dobson, 503  
 Angler's Birds, The, by George A. B. Dewar, 514  
 Author of 'Charles Lowder,' The Story of the 'Donna' from 1883 to 1897, 256  
 Author of 'Monsieur Tonson,' The, by Austin Dobson, 246
- BELL (A. M.), The Tale of the Flint, 214  
 Bit of Blue Chins, A, by Mrs. Hamill, 137  
 Blackwoodiana, by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., 117
- C., The Cultus of the Adjective, 131  
 Cambridge (Ada), Solving the Difficulty, 41  
 Child (Harold), The Last Crossing, 228  
 Cultus of the Adjective, The, by C., 131
- DEANE (ANTHONY C.), Nocturne, 40  
 Dewar (George A. B.), The Angler's Birds, 514  
 Dobson (Austin), Angelo's 'Reminiscences,' 503  
 — The Author of 'Monsieur Tonson,' 246  
 Duenna of a Genius, The, by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), 189, 283, 377, 471
- FETCH, THE: a Ballad, by Mrs. C. K. Shorter, 318  
 Finn Poacher, A, by Fred Whishaw, 322  
 Flight of a Soul, The, by Walter Herries Pollock, 226  
 Francis (M. E.), (Mrs. Francis Blundell), The Duenna of a Genius, 189, 283, 377, 471  
 — 'Th' Owdest Member,' 60
- GENTLE ART OF GEORGIAN ENGLAND, A, by Mrs. C. Parsons, 526  
 Gilchrist (A. G.), The Re- arisen Mother, or the Return of the Dead, 243
- HAMILL (MRS.), A Bit of Blue China, 137  
 Hankin (St. John E. C.), 'The True Sublime of Boating,' 359  
 Heart of Memory, The, by Walter Herries Pollock, 421  
 Hubbard (Mrs.), The Poet Bird, 533  
 Hudson (W. H.), The Secret of the Willow-Wren, 422  
 Hutchinson (Horace), The Thirtieth Anniversary, 347
- IRBY (A. P.), A Nile Flight in March, 1897, 73
- KIRKPATRICK (F. A.), Tzernagora, 163
- LANG (ANDREW), Alfred Lord Tennyson, 27  
 — At the Sign of the Ship, 87, 180, 273, 367, 461, 549  
 — (Mrs. Andrew), 'Memoirs of a Highland Lady,' 404  
 Last Crossing, The, by Harold Child, 228

Love's Life, by Walter Herries Pollock, 420

MAXWELL (RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT, BART., M.P.), Blackwoodiana, 117

'Memoirs of a Highland Lady,' by Mrs. Andrew Lang, 404

NILE FLIGHT IN MARCH, 1897, A, by A. P. Irby, 73

Nocturne, by Anthony C. Deane, 40

OF ODD NOTIONS, by A. K. H. B., 40  
Our Double Selves, by Dr. Andrew Wilson, 151

PAIR OF LYNXES, A, by Fred Wishaw, 519

Parker (Eric), Preparatory School Assistant Masters, 330

Parsons (Mrs. C.), A Gentle Art of Georgian England, 526

Post Bird, The, by Mrs. Hubbard, 533

Pollock (Walter Herries), Love's Life, 420

— The Flight of a Soul, 226

— The Heart of Memory, 421

Preparatory School Assistant Masters, by Eric Parker, 330

Purton (W. J.), A Summer Study, 85

RE-ARISEN MOTHER, THE, or the Return of the Dead, by A. G. Gilchrist, 243

SEASON OF THE YEAR, THE, by Grant Allen, 447

Secret of the Willow-Wren, The, by W. H. Hudson, 422

Shorter (Mrs. C. K.), The Fetch: a Ballad, 318

Sign of the Ship, At the, by Andrew Lang, 87, 180, 273, 367, 461, 549

Smith (Ada), Suspense, 430

Smith (E. A.), The Typewriting Clerk, 431

Solving the Difficulty, by Ada Cambridge, 41

Story of the 'Donna' from 1883 to 1897, The, by the Editor and the Author of 'Charles Lowder,' 256

Strong (S. Arthur), 'The Kindest-hearted of the Great,' 309

Summer Study, A, by W. J. Purton, 85

Suspense, by Ada Smith, 430

TALE OF THE FLINT, THE, by A. M. Bell, 214

'The Kindest-hearted of the Great,' by S. Arthur Strong, 309

'Th' Owdest Member,' by M. E. Francis, 60

'The True Sublime of Boating,' by St. John E. C. Hankin, 359

Thirteenth Anniversary, The, by Horace Hutchinson, 347

Trollope (H. C.), Untrodden Ways, 535

Typewriting Clerk, The, by E. A. Smith, 431

Tzernagora, by F. A. Kirkpatrick, 163

UNTRODDEN WAYS, by H. C. Trollope, 535

WEEPING FERRY, by Margaret L. Woods, 1, 95

Whishaw (Fred), A Finn Poacher, 322

— A Pair of Lynxes, 519

Wilson (Dr. Andrew), Our Double Selves, 151

Woods (Margaret L.), Weeping Ferry, 1, 95

JUST PUBLISHED. With 10 Illustrations  
(Charts, Facsimiles, &c.) Crown 8vo. price 6s.

## PROGRESS IN WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Being the Report of the Education Section,  
Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897.

Edited by the COUNTESS OF WARWICK

### CONTENTS.

Preface. The Countess of Warwick.  
Introduction. C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D.Sc.  
Girls' Education in Jubilee Year: Descriptive Chapter on  
the Education Section. Miss Edith Bradley.

### THREE SERIES OF PAPERS READ AT SATURDAY CONFERENCES AND CONGRESS AND DISCUSSIONS DEALING WITH :

#### I. EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

The Work of the London School Board. Rev. A. W. Jeph-  
son, M.A., M.L.S.B.  
The Pauper Child during the Reign of Queen Victoria.  
Mrs. S. A. Barnett.  
Education in Poor Law Schools. Miss Liddell.  
Teaching of Defective Children. Sir Douglas Galton, K.C.B.  
Teaching of Defective Children. Mrs. Burgin.  
The Children's Guild of Play. Sister Grace.

#### II. SOME PROFESSIONS OPEN TO WOMEN.

Medical Training of Women in England. Mrs. Garrett  
Anderson, M.D.  
Medical Women in India. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D.  
The Care of the Slight in Childhood and in Youth. Miss  
Ellaby, M.D.  
Agricultural Education for Women in Great Britain, Ire-  
land, and the Colonies. Right Hon. Horace Plunkett,  
M.P.  
The Training of Women in Dairy Work and other Outdoor  
Industries. Lady Georgina Vernon.  
Education suitable for Women in Rural Districts. Mr. H.  
Macan.  
Horticulture for Women. Miss Hutchings.  
Irish Flower Farms. Mrs. O'Grady.  
Agricultural Education for Women in Canada. Professor  
Robertson.  
Agriculture for Women in Ireland. Professor Toogan.  
Agriculture for Women in Great Britain. Major Craigie.  
Agriculture in New South Wales. Miss Windyler.  
Training of Women in Business. The Duchess of Suther-  
land.  
Training of Women in Business. Miss Cecil Gradwell.  
Education of Women for Business. Miss Janet Hogarth.  
Indexing: a Profession for Women. Miss Nancy Bailey.  
Women as Factory and Sanitary Inspectors. Miss An-  
derson.  
Women as Sanitary Inspectors. Miss Jessie Gray.  
Women as Factory and Sanitary Inspectors. Dr. Wynter  
Blyth.

#### III. EDUCATION IN INDIA AND THE COLONIES : UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

Education in India. Lord Hobhouse, K.C.S.I.  
Higher Education of Women in India. Mr. H. M. Bird-  
wood, C.S.I.  
Female Education in India. Professor Gokhale.  
Education of Women in India. Sir William Wedderburn,  
M.P.  
Education of Women in India. Mrs. Pherose Thomas.  
Education of Women in India. Miss Manning.  
Education of Women in India. Sir John Jardine.  
Education of Women in India. Mr. Das (Bengal Legis-  
lative Council).  
Education of Women in India. Mr. Theodore Beck (Ala-  
hbad College).  
Education in the Colonies. Lord Loch.  
Education in Canada. The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.  
Higher Education of Women in New South Wales. Sir  
William Windyler, M.A., LL.D.  
Education in New Zealand. Hon. W. P. Reeves.  
Education in South Africa. Mr. Russell.  
Education in New Zealand. The Lord Bishop of Dunedin.  
Education in the Colonies. Sir Philip Magnus.  
The Origin and Aims of University Extension. Miss J. D.  
Montgomery.  
On University Extension with Special Reference to Work-  
ing Men. Rev. Rodson Shaw.  
On University Extension. Professor Tout.  
On University Extension. R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc.  
On University Extension. Mrs. Henry Fawcett.  
On University Extension. Sir Philip Magnus.  
On University Extension. Dr. Lawrence.  
On University Extension. Mr. H. J. Mackinder.  
Index.

London : LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

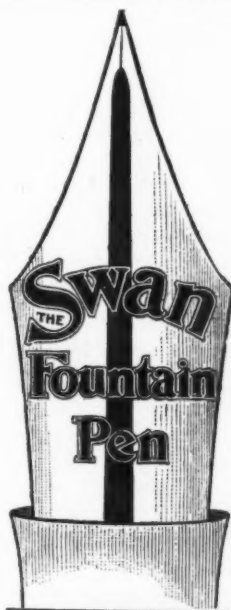
Everyone should use

# The SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN

MADE IN THREE SIZES, AT

## 10/6, 16/6, & 25/-

Up to 18 GUINEAS, Post Free.



For Longhand, Shorthand, Pen-and-Ink  
Drawing, Music-Writing, indeed whenever a  
Pen is necessary, use only the 'SWAN.'

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort  
in writing.

Avail yourself of the first opportunity to  
try a 'SWAN.'

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION TO

## MABIE, TODD, & BARD,

93 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.;

and 95a Regent Street, W., LONDON;  
or 3 Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

For the DONNA acknowledgments see overleaf.

### *The 'Donna.'*

IN the May number the final account of the 'Donna' will be presented to subscribers, but any subscriptions received up to April 15 will go to the credit of the fund.

Dr. Percival Frost 10s. W. W. Hume 2s. 6d. Mr. and Mrs. Noble Taylor and household 2l. Miss A. Beatson (Donna) 5s.; (Night Refuge) 5s. C. W. O. 1l. Mrs. Louisa Parr 1l. 1s. Miss Gasquoine (Donna) 5s.; (Night Refuge) 5s. Mrs. Edith Griffiths and friends 5s. O. In Mem. A. L. F. 2s.

Received by the Sister in Charge, 42A Dock Street, E.:—Mrs. Edis 2s. (Workroom). Mrs. Lewis, a parcel of clothing.

---

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to*

*The Editor of* LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,  
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

o-  
e  
  
d  
z.  
s.  
.





# PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S REMINISCENCES.

SECOND EDITION. Now ready.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

Professor F. MAX MÜLLER.

With Portrait. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**CONTENTS:** Musical Recollections—Literary Recollections—Recollections of Royalties—Beggars.

Professor Max Müller's reminiscences cover almost all the years of the present century. In the book will be found recollections and anecdotes of many famous men whom the author has known. Among them may be mentioned Dean STANLEY, TENNYSON, FROUDE, KINGSLEY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, MATTHEW ARNOLD, RUSKIN, BROWNING, EMERSON, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the MENDELSSOHNs, LISZT, the SCHUMANNs, MOSCHELES, THALBERG, CLARA NOVELLO, FERDINAND HILLER, JENNY LIND, and several members of the royal families of England and Prussia.

*DAILY CHRONICLE*.—‘Professor Max Müller has seen a good deal of life, and his recollections are very readable.’

*TIMES*.—‘We can only say, in the spirit of his title, that we would gladly take many another cup of kindness from the mellowed store of the professor's memories.’

*OUTLOOK*.—‘One of the pleasantest collections of story and pen pictures which we have ever been fortunate enough to encounter. . . . A more suggestive volume of its kind has not been published this ten years.’

*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*.—‘The author contrives to tell a good many amusing anecdotes about well-known people, and, though some of his *obiter dicta* and his remarks on some of his acquaintances will cause not a little soreness, the book has few dull or unpleasant pages. The first chapter, on “Musical Recollections,” is of especial interest.’

*NOTTINGHAM DAILY GUARDIAN*.—‘Light enough to please all classes and clever enough to delight the majority of readers.’

*GLOBE*.—‘The Professor has produced more weighty volumes, but none which will have so many, and so many delighted, students.’

*SCOTSMAN*.—‘The style is, as usual in all Professor Max Müller's works, clear and easy; the matter and style, of course, less grave than in his scientific treatises, and further enlivened by touches of humour and a number of good stories.’

*GLASGOW HERALD*.—‘Professor Max Müller's book is very entertaining, though the literary section from which we have made most of our extracts is decidedly the most interesting part of it. There are probably few men who could employ “three or four weeks of perfect rest” so well as he did in compiling these recollections.’

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

THE BEST THAT SCOTLAND YIELDS.

# Pattisons

## WHISKY

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.

A wholesome and agreeable stimulant of unrivalled quality and flavour. Oldest, Finest, Purest, Rich, Mellow, Soft, The King of Scotch Whiskies.

Sold Here, There, and Everywhere.

Sole Proprietors—  
**PATTISONS Ltd.,**  
Highland Distillers,  
LEITH, BALLINDALLOCH,  
AND LONDON.

Head Office—  
Constitution St., Leith.

**GALLARD & BOWSER'S**



**BUTTER - SCOTCH**  
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).  
*Really wholesome Confectionery.* Lancet

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS

# EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

# COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER

# RED WHITE & BLUE

## French Coffee

---

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST AND AFTER DINNER.

---

*In making, use rather LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ordinary Coffee.*

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS.

# BIRD'S CUSTARD

NO EGGS!  
NO RISK!  
NO TROUBLE!

The best resource for every housekeeper—affording a constant variation in the daily menu.

## POWDER

S.  
OF  
ON.

agreed  
quality  
purest.  
Soft,  
notch

here,  
here.

ors—  
Ltd.,

llers,  
ELOCH,  
N.

Leith.

E  
E  
ee

AND

TITY,  
an

RE.

LE!

R